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LYDIA MARIA CHILD, Editor. | Without Concealment----Without Compromise. | DAVID LEE CHILD, Assistant Editor.

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The Standard.

SPEECH OF GEORGE THOMPSON.

At the meeting of the Glasgow Emancipation Society, in commemoration of Emancipation in the West Indies,

Mr. George Thompson came forward amid loud cheers. He said—I know not that, at any subsequent part of this evening, I could choose a better opportunity for making one or two observations than at this moment. I rise without prompting and without persuasion—I rise spontaneously, and in obedience to my conscience alone, to speak in the sincerity of my heart that which I believe to be dictated, and sternly demanded, by honor, by friendship, by truth, and by justice. Sir, there have been no circumstances in my short life that have been to me the sources of more pain than the circumstances connected with the late unhappy divisions among the abolitionists of the United States of America. (hear.) And certainly no one circumstance connected with that unfortunate affair has given me pain in any degree approaching that which I experience in the contemplation of the present state of the society with which it has been the chief honor of my life to be associated—the Glasgow Emancipation Society. (hear.)—Never did I rise, in this city, under feelings so embarrassing or overpowering as at this instant. The place in which we meet—the number of this audience—the aspect of this platform—the absence of those whom I venerate, and not I alone, but whom we all venerate—these things so afflict me, that I could almost wish myself any where than where I am, though, in past time, I have never desired to be any where more than in the city of Glasgow. (cheers.) I place little value on my own opinion—I desire you to attach no value to my opinion, save that which it merits as the opinion of an individual who has never been bought, or bribed, or menaced into the expression of any opinion which was not sanctioned by his judgment, and felt in his heart. (cheers.) It has been—I will not say my misfortune—but my painful duty often to differ from my nearest and dearest friends; often have I been called upon in critical moments to denounce, even in the severest terms, the policy of those whom I most respected, and who, if duty would have allowed, I would gladly have followed, and acknowledged in every respect as my superiors. (cheers.) Nor would I, to find favor, utter one word which truth did not warrant, or to maintain, in the place which he occupied, the nearest or dearest friend I have in this, or in any other part of the world. (cheers.) I say this to strengthen, if it be possible, the testimony I am about to bear—a testimony such as I trust I shall be able to reflect upon with satisfaction hereafter, careless whether it be a testimony which others are disposed to corroborate, if my own conscience, in the sight of God, tells me it is true. (cheers.) I say, then, that the deep conviction of my soul is, that that section of the abolitionists in this country, and respecting whom, it seems, a vote of want of confidence has been passed in London, is that section of the abolitionists which deserves pre-eminently the countenance, the confidence, the love, and the earnest support of every lover of human liberty in every part of the world.—(great cheering.) And upon what do I ground this opinion? Charge me not with presumption when I say that I have a knowledge of the men and women in the United States who have been thus repudiated, longer in its duration, and more intimate in its character, than that possessed by any other man in this country. (hear.) The first time I heard of William Lloyd Garrison, who stands at the head of this party, and deservedly so, was from the lips of one who left on my mind the impression that he was a bad man.

He was represented to me as a convicted libeller, as the tenant of a dungeon, as a companion of felons, as a man reckless of the safety of others, and seeking to disturb the peace, and to destroy the institutions of his country. This description of Mr. Garrison was given me by one to whose voice I have listened in this room, Mr. Elliot Cresson, the accredited agent of the American Colonization Society. He it was who first uttered in my ears the name of Wm. Lloyd Garrison as associated with the epithets I have repeated. Thereafter I became acquainted with the real character of the man. First, through my friend, Captain Charles Stuart, who had visited America, and was then in London, and who had in his possession all the documents revealing the cause of the imprisonment of Mr. Garrison, as well as illustrative of his early history, and the share he had taken in the emancipation cause. What, then, became of the charges which had been made against my friend? He was "a convicted libeller," because he had denounced an individual of his own State, who, while sustaining a reputation for respectability, had nevertheless embarked his capital in the slave trade, and was then carrying on a traffic in human flesh between his own shores and those of Africa.—(hear hear.) He was the "tenant of a dungeon," because, by the verdict of a pro-slavery jury, and the sentence of a slaveholding judge, he was ordered to pay a fine of $1,000, and to be immured in prison on non-payment of the sum; the companion of felons he was—and many men, even holier and better than Mr. Garrison, have been the companion of felons, who are now the companions of angels and the spirits of the just, and have been the admired, and cherished, and sanctified of all generations, since they quitted their dungeons. (great cheering.) My opinion of Mr. Garrison, therefore, was changed; and soon after, I had the privilege of embracing him in the city of London; and from that period, the early part of 1833, down to this moment, I have been honored with his friendship, and, I think, I may say, with his unlimited confidence. From 1833 I have been intimately acquainted with the working of the anti-slavery cause in America. In 1834, I was sent out from this country to America, for the purpose of prosecuting an anti-slavery mission, and during the time I was there, I obtained a knowledge of almost every person with whose names you are familiar; and let me say, too, that my acquaintance in the United States was not confined to that party which has recently been cast off by a portion of the anti-slavery public in this country. It extended to all the prominent individuals who have felt themselves called upon to separate from Mr. Garrison and his adherents. All of them, for I will make no exception, were men of respectability and worth. (hear.) I shall not, on this occasion, judge the motives which have influenced the seceders—nor will I undertake to condemn their conduct—I step forward to bear my humble but honest testimony to the unsullied integrity, and unfaltering perseverance, of those whom I regard as the injured and the misrepresented party, the party that has been made to suffer, I will not say by what means, in the estimation of many, who once admired and loved them, in this country, and of some, I lament to say, in this city. (hear.) With regard to the vexed question of woman's rights, which I find uppermost in the minds of many dear friends, it has been represented that the division in the United States has grown chiefly out of agitation, on the part of Mr. Garrison and his friends, on the question of the abstract rights of women. Now, I undertake, unequivocally and solemnly, with my mind upon the history of this whole matter, to deny the accuracy of that representation, and I am prepared to demonstrate the justice of that denial. (cheers.)

When I was in the United States, I became intimately acquainted with Mrs. Child, and had the privilege of conversing with her at her own fireside in Boston; and, not having the fear of ecclesiastical authority before my eyes, I ventured to say to her, "Why remain at home? I have come on a mission to your country; I have thrown myself into the breach with the generous spirits who are storming the stronghold of opposition in your land—go you to Europe—rouse the women of Britain—meet the anti-slavery societies—address them with your pen—call upon them to sustain me, and to sustain all who, in the dark day of danger and of conflict, are endeavoring to pioneer into birth the day-star of liberty in America." (cheers.) She said, "Let the means be found to send me, and I go." I am, as you know, generally prompt in my movements. I got on board a steamboat, and went to New-York—the anti-slavery committee was summoned—Arthur Tappan, the excellent President, in the chair, with Lewis Tappan at his right, and the other friends of the movement around him. I said, "I have got the consent of Mrs. Child to go to England—she has made her Appeal in an admirable volume here in behalf of that class of Americans called Africans—send the writer of that appeal to our country, and let her appear there as the champion of freedom in your country." In less than an hour, through the munificence of Arthur Tappan, and the generous devisings of his colleagues, a fund was guaranteed sufficient to meet the charges of Mr. and Mrs. Child's transit to this country, and their maintenance in respectability and comfort when here. (cheers.) Circumstances, however, prevented the accomplishment of the intended mission. Was there any talk of woman's rights then? (hear.) Did I undertake the journey from Britain as an advocate of woman's rights? (laughter.) It never entered my mind, nor did I see aught of impropriety in the action? At that time there was no alarm felt at the proposition to send a female delegate to England, although, the other day, when four or five excellent women came over the water, the alarm was so great, that they were not only voted out of the Convention, but placed in the side gallery at Exeter Hall, though, strange to say, English ladies, several of them utter strangers to labor, still more to danger, in the anti-slavery cause, were accommodated with seats on the right and left of the chair, and I heard not a whisper from any one that they were out of their appropriate sphere. (cheers.) Take another instance, equally illustrative of the joy with which female co-operation was at first welcomed. Those extraordinary women the Misses Grimke, had their minds enlightened on the subject of slavery, and were led to lay aside all their aristocratical pretentions, to forsake all the pleasures of the society in which they had been accustomed to move, and the comforts and indulgences of life, for the cause of truth and freedom, and finally came forth as the bold but modest advocates of human rights. Was there any alarm created then? Nothing of the kind.—These precious women came down to Philadelphia, and they labored zealously and unostentatiously in the cause of human freedom there. They were comforted and encouraged by the very same men who are now condemning the conduct of Mr. Garrison and his female fellow-laborers. It was not Garrison who called upon the Quaker sisters to make their appeals in public; but they were sent for from Philadelphia to New-York by those who have recently formed the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society—Arthur Tappan being chairman, and Elizur Wright, the recording secretary—and were offered a commission, signed and sealed, authorizing them to go forth, and without let or hindrance, without limit or restriction, in public and in private, in season and out of season, to advocate the claims of the slave. (great cheering.) They declined such a commission, choosing rather to act upon their own responsibility, and to follow the suggestions of their minds, illumined by Divine influence. They went to Boston, and over a considerable portion of New England; and by degress they were forced out into public. They were attacked by the Boston press, and from the pro-slavery pulpits, but they nevertheless labored, night after night, addressing men and women, ministers and senators, lawyers and physicians, in fact every description of people that came in their way. (cheers.) And who were the defenders of these women from the attacks made upon them? (cheering.) Those who have now separated from Mr. Garrison and his coadjutors, on the womans' rights question. (applause.) Yes; and whenever I am called upon to give more than my own testimony in favor of the wisdom and utility of female exertions, I will go to the *New-York Emancipator*, and take from its glowing and argumentative columns, written by the very chief among the seceders, the most eloquent, powerful, and irresistible paragraphs in favor of the interference of women in this question. (cheering.) Let me emphatically say I am giving no opinion of my own on the abstract question of womans' rights. The merits of the present question require no such declaration. I am simply giving an unvarnished account of the progress of this unhappy dispute. I come to an important view of this matter. Sirs, "the head and front of the offending" of the Boston Society, the old Massachusetts Society, as it properly is, and of all the societies that support Mr. Garrison, "hath this extent, *no more*," that they have remained firm and fast by the original constitution of the American Anti-Slavery Society. The division took place on the interpretation of that constitution, and, avowedly at least, on that alone. Two years before the last anniversary, the question came up as to the scope and bearing of that constitution, which was the primitive instrument which bound together in harmony, co-operation, and fellowship, all the societies of America. That constitution had a clause providing that all persons subscribing to the principles set forth, and contributing to the funds of the society, should be members, and entitled to all the privileges of membership. An attempt was made to limit the application of the word "persons." In numberless instances it had been interpreted to include persons of the other sex; some of whom had labored more publicly, others more privately, just according to their inclinations and views of duty. They really thought themselves persons—(laughter)—they subscribed the constitution, and contributed to the funds of the society, and as *persons*, they came in and labored in the common cause. But now the time had come, when individuals, for certain reasons, wished to exclude women from the right of acting according to their own convictions of duty, and, therefore, they desired the word "persons" should be read "men," or that a rider should be appended, containing some explanatory clause that would have the same effect. Now, who was it that thus introduced the question of woman's rights into the anti-slavery ranks? Was it Garrison? No. I say solemnly, and with a perfect knowledge of the whole of the transactions in this case, that Garrison and his coadjutors have never introduced the question of woman's rights. They have left it alone—they did not introduce it for purposes of admission, but they resisted its introduction for purposes of exclusion.—The gist of the whole matter lies here,—the party accused were for leaving the platform, as it was originally erected, when you might have put all the abolitionists of America on such a platform as that on which I now stand, and some of them were women. (cheers.) Were they for voting them out then? No. They knew they had intellects; they saw in their forms that ethereal essence which went out over the wide field of humanity, without regard to sex, color, creed, or clime; they saw they had hearts, and that those hearts were beating strong with pity for the slave; and they did not stop to ask were they enveloped in waistcoats, or in corsets? (cheers and laughter.) They had, however, inspired hearts, and they said, let them come in; they did not count how many *men* have we, but how many true hearts have we. (great cheering.) Would to heaven it were so in this room, in this city, in this kingdom, all over the world this day! I believe the hour is coming when those distinctions that have been set up in America and here, shall be blended so that it will not be asked what is the sex of a human being, but what are the principles, the aims, and the objects of the individual—(cheers)—and whether the being, man or woman, is fitted with faculties to promote the glory of God, and the best interests of immortal souls? (great cheering.) I say again, Mr. Garrison and his coadjutors have never brought forward the woman question. (hear.) Women made their appearance, guarded and guaranteed by the constitution, and when they came in they were left to be guided by their own feelings of discretion. And let me observe here—though I know not of one solitary act of indiscretion or impropriety on the part of any female abolitionist—that had they, in later days, been guilty of any such, it had not been surprising; for when you goad people by proscription, by exclusion, and by depriving them of their rights, you are just taking the very means to lead them on to acts of indiscretion. (hear.) But how did our friends in America come to change their views? Here I shall give an honest opinion, however much it may offend some who live on the other side of the water. When the abolitionists were few in number, despised, poor, and everywhere spoken against, they kept together like sheep in the storm, or at midnight, when the howling of the wolf is heard. The cause went on—the number of abolitionists became greater and greater. Now the Rev. so and so joined the society, after a great many ifs and buts—and then a Rev. Dr. so and so joined also, after a great many more—and some of these did not like the forwardness of the women. (laughter.) We seldom like those that outstrip us in zeal. You will find through life that for every hundred epithets of contumely—for every hundred imputations of ambition and other sins cast upon one who gives himself on principle to the promotion of a good cause—you will not find the fragment of one flung at a man, if he only keeps snugly in the back ground, and follows obediently in the wake of his would-be superiors. (cheers.) Besides those who joined the anti-slavery society, there were many outside, who said we cannot come in unless you put the women down. The clergy raised a most astounding hue and cry against the labors of the Misses Grimke; and then out came the celebrated manifesto called the "Clerical appeal." A number of ministers met, and banded together for the purpose of destroying the influence of these women. Now, I do not hesitate to say that our own friends in America have missed their way in their efforts to win over such men. They had at last to choose between the maintenance of their constitution, and the sanctioning (tacitly at least) of the action of female members, as their conviction of duty might prompt them to labor in the cause of emancipation, or they were required to violate their charter, and exclude the women, and receive as a compensation the proffered aid and patronage of a half converted party. They chose the latter alternative, and they attempted a modification of the constitution, which would have the effect of getting rid of the odium which attached to the exertions of females. Those who were for the exclusion of women were out-voted at the annual meeting two years ago; at the following meeting they were also out-voted; and they resolved to separate. They did separate, and the separatists have since called themselves by the name of the American and Foreign Anti-slavery Society. I have now touched upon this question, as far as refers to one at least of its most important historical features. There are many other circumstances to which I might advert, and I will here declare that there is not one connected with the whole matter that would not, I believe, admit of an explanation as exonerating to the conduct, and, as far as we can know them, the motives, too, of the parties I would humbly vindicate. (hear, hear.) Sir, I must be permitted, with all the emphasis I can command, and all the warmth it is possible to feel, to express my strong and unmingled dissatisfaction with the attempts that have been made on both sides of the Atlantic ocean to undermine and destroy the character of the late delegate to this country, Mr. J. A. Collins. (cheers.) I have received letters upon letters from persons in the United States, whose sense of honor and regard to truth, whose worth and respectability, in fact, whose every attribute commands my respect and confidence, and all these letters have spoken in terms of the most entire approbation of Mr. Collins, as a devoted, incurruptible, and talented advocate of the emancipation cause in America. (great cheering.)—He was, from the first, so recommended to me,—he brought as many letters of introduction as I could grasp, all speaking of him in the highest terms—and I will undertake to say that, together, they formed a volume of commendation to the hearts of the people of this country never excelled, and seldom equalled by any borne by any man that ever crossed the Atlantic to sit at your firesides and share your hospitality. (cheers.) I did not hesitate then to take him to mine, and others did the same. To have done less would have been to insult his friends; but he had scarcely time to look about him when over his devoted head gathered the black clouds of calumny.—Charge upon charge was sent over the water against him, but not a fragment of evidence came with those charges to give them support. Friends of the cause wrote to the United States, and had answers, but no evidence substantiating those charges—evidence of nothing but of the groundlessness of the unkind accusations which had been fabricated to injure a worthy man in the estimation of our countrymen. (hear.) I am authorized to say that Mr. Collins is, at this moment, pure in reputation, whatever may be his opinions, and may take his stand, with proud advantage, by the side of any man, whatever be his station in society, however sacred the office which he fills, who has stood forth as his accuser or calumniator. (cheering.) And here, (continued Mr. Thompson,) I must, for once, turn accuser myself, and prefer a heavy charge against those who have been the instrument in this country of giving secret circulation to these charges. I accuse such persons, whoever they may be, of a cruel violation of Christian charity, as well as of an infraction of all the rules of fair and honorable warfare. When such charges come destitute of proof, and without the opportunity of the party implicated being heard in explanation of defence, they should have inclosed them, and sent them back with letters of Christian admonition to their fabricators. Should any such come to me, concerning any anti-slavery rival or opponent of Mr. Collins, I trust I shall commit them to the lambent flame to be consumed to ashes, or to the innermost department of my desk, to lie and rot, rather than use them to the hurt of an ignorant and defenceless brother. (cheers.) It is within the compass of my own knowledge, that stab upon stab was inflicted in the dark upon the ruputation of that gentleman, without warning and without affording him the smallest possible means of self-defence.

These charges and inuendoes were, on reaching this country, transferred by accomplished copyists to to sheets of foolscap paper, and, enclosed in diplomatic envelops, were sent to every part of the kingdom. They were again and again placed in my hands—none, let me tell you, ever came to me—(hear, hear)—by persons who knew not Mr. Collins, and could only be alarmed and filled with dark suspicion by such dark intimations. Yes, everywhere I saw, or heard of, these sheets of foolscap, the post-paid calumnies, sent forth to close the ears, the hearts, and the purses of the uninformed, ere the innocent victim drew near. (cries of "shame, shame.") Was such, Christian treatment to a stranger on our shores, and an accredited agent in the cause of humanity. (cheers.) Sir, those who circulated these charges must yet answer for them at the bar of the British people. (cheers.) And the day will come when they must do so; they have, in an unchristian manner, from beginning to end, attempted to injure a man, not because they cherished a personal hostility to him, but from a strong desire to injure, in the estimation of the abolitionists of this country, the party represented by him. (hear.) Could they blacken the representative, they knew they would throw discredit upon those he represented. I know of nothing connected with the conduct of the party which has been repudiated that can furnish a parallel to the treatment of Mr. Collins.

> "Good name in man and woman, dear, my Lord,
> Is the immediate jewel of their souls; [thing;
> Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something—no-
> 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:
> But he that filches from me my good name,
> Robs me of that which not enriches him,
> But makes me poor indeed'"

So was it with my friend Mr. Collins. He was left poor in every thing but conscious integrity, weak in every thing but the justice of his cause, a cause that will ultimately make him omnipotent. (cheers.) You may naturally ask, is there not really something in all this? How is it that so many good men in this country have taken part against these gentlemen? I will not attempt to answer this minutely; there is an old adage—Give a dog a bad name, and you may hang him; if you don't, somebody else will. (laughter.) The other day, I could not name Mr. Garrison but the roof of the building reverberated with acclamations, and I was honored and caressed because I was the friend of Garrison—he reflected upon me something of that lustre which, though dimmed for a day, shall yet shine brighter than before. (cheers.) Now, "who so poor to do him reverence?" What has he done? Are his principles the same? Quite. Is the Constitution of the American Society what it was? It is. Are the labors of Mr. Garrison as constant, zealous, self-denying, and incorruptible as they were? Ay—every day reveals more and more how hard it is, how impossible it is, to make him swerve. (cheering.) But then he has opinions that are not our opinions. (a laugh.) He has many strange and ultra views. What, is it come to this, that we, who are battling for personal freedom, shall put fetters on the immortal mind, and clip the thoughts of men like the wings of a jack-daw, that has not the liberty to go beyond the wall of the garden within which we have confined it. (cheers.) Grant that Garrison differs from you and from me—I identify myself with no views of his but those that are anti-slavery views. (loud cheers.) I worked with him in America, and he held many of those views then: but did that prevent us from working? No. When our work was done, we then talked together of these views. Did this mar our harmony? No. I have been in New-York—and on the the same platform have sat with one kind of a Quaker, calling himself orthodox, another denominated a Hicksite, with Presbyterians, and all other religious persuasions—here one black, and here another white; men of all creeds and colors, and in that crisis of the great cause, it was the glory of the abolition enterprise, it was the great distinguishing principle of the movement—that which told us our cause was founded in nature, and could lay hold of all hearts—that it was able to bring and to bind us together as one man, and, without the slightest compromise of individual opinions on other subjects, to knit our hearts in love. (great cheering.) Oh! how often have I heard, from the lips of those men now writing down Garrison, the most eloquent eulogiums on this principle; and I have tried, sometimes, to imitate their strains;—it was indeed the grace and beauty of the movement in that country. (cheers.) I ask again, what have the opinions of a man to do with the anti-slavery cause? I am not aware that I lost any of mine in America. I brought nothing extravagant or fanciful away from America. Has any one ever discovered in me a desire, up to the moment I introduced Mr. Garrison to the Glasgow public, to bring forward the woman question? (hear.) Mr. Garrison came to this country. He found those who came with him shut out from the Convention, and he refused to be a member of it—I honor him for that.—(cheers.) I know, however, if he had gone in, his calm imperturbability, the force of his reasoning, the purity of his sentiments, the solemnity of his appeals, would have done good. In no meeting in America did Mr. Garrison ever offer a word to cause division—he ever deprecated it. He has said, let us have a convention for temperance, and, when that is over, let us away to the abolition meeting.—(hear.) Now, take a remarkable proof of this in our own country. In the Convention there was a debate about the female delegates; afterwards, I came with Mr. Garrison to Scotland, and every where on the road, in the drawing-room as on the platform, every body who saw, admired and loved Garrison, till he was gone. (hear.) We came to Edinburgh—nothing could exceed the harmony there—we came to Glasgow—nothing could surpass the enthusiasm with which Mr. Garrison was welcomed here. It was also my privilege to be associated with Messrs. Birney and Stanton, two excellent individuals. The same scenes were witnessed. None of the peculiar theological views of Messrs. Birney and Stanton were brought forward; and thus was a living proof afforded of the harmonizing operation of the great principle on which the American Society had been conducted. I, as an individual, could be equally at home with Mr. Garrison, who holds so many odd views, as they are called, and with Mr. Birney, who differs from them thoroughly. (hear.)—What, then, is the cause of all this discord? I pause for a reply. If there be an individual here to-night who knows any just reason why hearts understood to be one in this great cause should be divorced, let him speak out; and if any individual has a charge against the party with whom Mr. Garrison is connected, and which has not yet been met, let that charge be brought forward to-night, and I deem myself strong enough to grapple with it. (continued cheering.) Let it go forth, that I am prepared to meet any individual who is willing, if this most unhappy difference continue, to shew cause why this separation is necessary, to take up the gauntlet again in Glasgow, and demonstrate before any audience, that no real cause of difference, still less of separation, exists. (cheers.) I ask you, then, to pause ere you withdraw your confidence from the men and women of America, who have made the anti-slavery cause what it is. Their principles, their constancy, their professions, and their practice, are the same as they ever were. I deny not that others are, in respectability, and even purity of motive, equal to them. There are some particular acts like those to which I have adverted, that can be attributed to no good motive; but to the great majority of them, I grant the utmost respectability, and sincerity of motive. You can easily, from the experience you have had, and from your knowledge of the world, perceive for yourselves, that the sensitiveness which many may feel to be connected with a suspected and odious party, and the desire of many more to be with the popular party of the day, must have actuated many in this matter. And then there are others who have been found to believe the reports circulated, because they came from respectable parties, who had not looked sufficiently into them. I am convinced that nothing has ever been done by this party, against whom an act of excommunication has been pronounced, that should for an instant lessen the esteem of the anti-slavery public in this country. Had I the power to commit this great movement to any one party, I would, with much confidence, place it in the hands of that party who originated the abolition cause; while at the same time, I believe that the sincerest friends of the cause are to be found among the ranks of the seceders, and that our duty is to wish them God speed, neither injuring the one by detraction, nor giving our exclusive support to the other. (cheers.)

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Extracted from a Report made to the Legislature of New-York, 1841.

It is altogether a gratuitous assumption to undertake to explain away the force of this precept, "*Thou shalt not kill!*" as it is repeated and re-enacted by Christ, so as to transform it into "Thou shalt not commit murder,—but mayst kill him who *has* committed murder." There stands the great truth in its naked and sacred simplicity—absolute, unequivocal, universal—"Thou shalt not *kill*." There is no proviso—no exception—no qualification.—Where is the authority for excluding the criminal, whatever his guilt, from its protection,—nor the magistrate, as the representative and organ of the public will, from its obligation? "Wherever the plain obvious meaning of a text is perfectly consistent with the dictates of reason, as in the present case," says the author of the Appendix to the Essays of 'Philanthropos,' above referred to, "the literal expression ought to be adhered to and all mystical expositions and forced interpolations ought to be discarded. To say, as some do, that we have a right to take away the life of a human being, because he, or she hath taken away the life of another, is a fallacious mode of reasoning. It appears like justifying one crime by another. It is comparing ourselves with ourselves; not with the law of God, which is the standard of moral rectitude. Let us apply this sophistical mode of reasoning to some of the other commandments, say the eighth, ninth and tenth. Have we a right to steal from one who hath been guilty of theft? Have we a right to bear false witness against one who hath been guilty of perjury? Or to covet the goods of one who hath coveted the goods of his neighbor? In this way we might make void, not only the sixth commandment, but also all the rest which respect the duty of man to man. By these commandments *all* theft, *all* perjury, *all* covetousness, and *all* shedding of human blood, are expressly forbidden! If the sixth commandment had said, 'Thou shalt not kill, *except it be one who hath killed another*,' or words to that effect, it would have given some colorable right to take away the life of a murderer. But as it now stands, and will forever stand, it gives no such right. The badness of the character of the criminal convict will not justify the violation of the commandment by others. The prohibition is peremtory, decisive, universal and unconditional!"

There are two, and it is believed only two, passages in the New Testament, sometimes referred to by the opponents of the proposed reform, as authorizing the punishment of death. That they do not possess the weight of the dust in the balance, in comparison with the mass of evidence which it affords to the other side of the question, can be very briefly shown. The one occurs in a passage which has just been referred to for a different purpose; the beginning of the thirteenth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans: "But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid, for he (the ruler) beareth not the sword in vain: for he is the minister of God for wrath upon him that doeth evil." It is evident that the "sword" is here used only as the emblem of the penal terrors of the law generally, according to the existing institutions and habits of a Pagan society; from which certainly no authority of example can rightfully be derived by a Christian society and the Christian magistrate. Of the general bearing of the passage, which is one of prudential caution to the infant Christian community to which it was addressed, a sufficient explanation has been already given. The other is the rebuke of the Saviour to Peter, when the latter drew his sword, and aiming a blow at one of the servants of the high priest, smote off his ear: "Put up again thy sword into its place:—for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." But there is nothing in this passage to support any inference of a justification of capital punishment. Its tendency is rather in the opposite direction, as implying a general condemnation of the use of that weapon of bloody violence. The whole passage evidently means nothing more than a reproof and caution against drawing the sword, the signal and instrument of strife and tumult, as tending to provoke resistence and punishment, involving its author, probaby, as one of the first,—"they that take the sword will perish *in the use* of the sword." Another passage is quoted, which evidently refers back to this as its original, in Revelations, xiii. 10: "He that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword."—The same remark applies to the proposition, as in the former case; while the Greek .. does not carry with it the mandatory force of the English "must;" and the passage has undoubtedly the same simply prophetic meaning as that of which it appears a quotation, as declaring the probable and useful fate, in the world as it was and is, of those who, by drawing the sword, cause the sword to be drawn against themselves.

But although it is thus made undeniable that there is no sanction for the infliction of the punishment of death to be derived from any of the more recent parts of the Holy Scriptures, we are then referred back to a higher antiquity, and to the authority of the covenant with Noah, when he went forth from the ark. The famous passage in the sixth verse of the ninth chapter of Genesis, is usually quoted as the sanction by the precept of the Creator himself.—decisive in its terms, and universal and perpetual in its application,—of the penalty of death for the crime of murder: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." Unanswerable as this citation of a direct divine authority for the practice under consideration, may at the first blush appear, a closer inspection not only destroys its seeming force as an argument on that side of the question, but transfers its application to the other.

In the first place, there is nothing mandatory in it; the remark contained in the note to page 11, above, respecting the Hebrew future tense, being equally applicable to the present passage. In the second place, it is by many regarded as simply a prophetic and denunciatory warning against the shedding of blood, as calculated to produce a similar retributive fate. In illustration of these views of the passage, the case may be referred to the murder of Shechem and the people of his city, by Simeon and Levi, the sons of Jacob, under circumstances of a most treacherous ferocity. Had the covenant with Noah been understood in that day as requiring the retribution of blood for blood, it is not to be supposed that the patriarch Jacob—combining the character of ruler with that of parent—would have left unexecuted the mandate so directly and imperatively given by the recent voice of God himself. His grief and anger [illegible] in Gen. xxxiv. 30. He nowhere intimates any feeling of remorse for the neglect of what would otherwise have been a high and solemn duty incumbent on him as a patriarch. While in his denunciation, on his death-bed, of the future retribution yet to overtake the seed of the guilty brothers, he makes no allusion to any such penalty, upon them or theirs, as that which must have been regarded as inevitable had *he* understood the passage in question according to the modern interpretation of the advocates of capital punishment. And in the third place, in the words of a distinguished individual already referred to (Mr. Williams, of Hudson,) "if it be assumed that this is a command, it is surely most preposterous to urge it upon us, at a distance of time when the necessity on which it is founded has ceased to exist, and when, from the fluctuations of human affairs, a different order of things is established, while those to whom it was immediately directed, and who must have understood its intent, oftentimes contravened it without incurring the displeasure of God."

* * * * * * *

"And surely your blood of your lives will I require; *at the hand of every beast will I require it*, and at the hand of man; and at the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man.

"Whoso (whatsoever) sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his (its) blood be shed; *for in the image of God made he man.*"

The very reason here given for the prohibition of the shedding of the blood of man, is *the defacement of the image of its Creator, in the 'human form divine.'* Does this high and sacred principle lose its force or its application, because the criminal may himself have been guilty of a previous outrage upon its sanctity? Can that afford any justification for a repetition of the same outrage upon the same "image of God?" Where is the authority for any such assumption? The distinction here drawn is plain.—The beast that sheddeth man's blood, "by *man*" may its blood be shed; but when man's blood is shed by man's brother, "*I*" will require it at his hands—by penalties, into the nature of which it is not for us to attempt to penetrate. The object of the whole passage is, clearly, to establish on the most solemn basis, the great idea of the *holiness of the principle of life, and especially human life.*—The destruction of animal life is permitted for "meat," being prohibited by implication for any other wanton purpose; while its being thus declared forfeited in atonement for the destruction of the life of man, can have no other reason—the brute being incapable of moral guilt—than to strengthen and deepen the idea of the sanctity of that life, in the minds of the human race itself. What can be more absurd than an interpretation which, by authorizing the practice of public judicial murder, in the most deliberate coolness of blood, is directly and fatally subversive of the very essential idea which constitutes the basis of the whole passage! Surely, then, instead of any sanction being afforded by this passage to the infliction of the punishment of death for any human crime—to this defacement and outrage of the "image of God," in the person of man—it passes against that very practice a far more awful sentence of condemnation than any which human reason could have framed, or human lips uttered.

* * * * * * *

The question is much more easy for the one side to advance than for the other to meet, whether that comparative indifference to the sanctity of human life, which is seen to pervade the public institutions and habits of all the nations comprising the community of Christendom, is not in truth, at bottom, a practical evidence of a general state of real, essential unbelief, pervading their entire social framework, as to the very fundamental principles of Christianity, which gives the unanswerable lie to all the public and private professions with which it is ostensibly maintained, as the pretended animating principle of their civilization. This is a very serious question, to which the committee leave it to others to reply. They content themselves with presenting, to this body of Christian representatives of a Christian people, the inquiry to which it will be easy to return a practical answer, whether a law shall be longer continued among us, the effect of which is to cut off annually from our midst a certain number of our fellow-men, in the full vigor of young life and health, for the crime of an hour, and to hurry them thus,—red and reeking with recent guilt—in a state of preparation at the best most lamentably doubtful—to that last, irrevocable judgment, on which we profess to believe hangs that most awful of issues, the eternal fate, for good or ill, of the human soul. "Dying as those unhappy wretches often do, who knows what their future lot may be?" was the remark of Sir Wm. Meredith on the floor of Parliament. "It is a very important inquiry," says an eloquent writer on this subject, "whether or not the punishment of death can have a fatal influence on the destiny of the soul, producing what may emphatically be termed its 'death!' On this subject we should both think and speak with humility, if not with terror. If it could be proved, that during the lapse of revolving ages, from the time that man began his existence, either by wanton murder, or legal sacrifice, one immortal spirit has been plunged into torment, which, had life been spared, would have found a different fate, I might close the argument. It is the consideration that the future happiness or misery of the human spirit depends upon the character it sustains when it leaves the present state of being, which, above all others, ought to prevent our so punishing the crime of murder, as to produce or risk such irretrievably awful results, since souls are of equal value in the sight of God, and at his disposal only. Murder is indeed a most horrible offence, yet even for *such* an offence was the blood of Christ shed as an atonement; but without repentance and faith no sinner can be saved, and without life there can be no repentance, since life is space given for it. By what authority do we limit the space ordained by the Almighty, to exemplify the triumphs of divine grace? In both crime and punishment, an act is commited, the effects of which can never be remedied. In the hurry and tumult of legal terror, just in that state of mind which renders calm reflection impossible, we pass the convict from an earthly, and perchance erring tribunal, to his last audit at the bar of his Judge.—We send our victim to his account, and he may go to it hardened and impenitent, in spite of the spiritual council with which we furnish him; and if by a certain *hour* the great work of conversion is not completed—if by a specified moment the dreadful fortifications of ignorance, in which the prince of darkness has entrenched himself, be not demolished, we then send this poor, bewildered wretch to a destiny of hopeless damnation! But can we be certain that divine grace would never have reached his heart? The silence and darkness of eternity shroud this subject in uncertainty and gloom; but in forming our rules of conduct, we are to reverence the great Governor of the universe, and not insult him in the nearest precincts of his throne—the most valued portion of his dominion—the empire of the human soul!"

"To see a man cut off, by the sentence of the law," writes another, "with all his transgressions on his head, ending his life in reckless blasphemy, in stupid insensibility, in hopeless despair, or under the influence of that too often deceptive repentence which is the mere offspring of terror; and which we may learn to appreciate at its just value, by a reference to the after life of most of the criminals who unexpectedly receive a pardon, is indeed too tremendous a spectacle to be witnessed or reflected upon, without the deepest emotion!"

"Who will venture to say," pursues the same writer, "that the most hardened and depraved of those who pay the penalty of their guilt, if he had been secluded from the contagious society of his associates,—if he had been submitted to the influence of a process of moral and religious instruction,—might not have unfeignedly repented of his past enormities, expiated them in a way most beneficial to his injured country, and at length given that country the satisfaction of believing that a transgressor had been reclaimed from his errors, and a soul rescued from perdition?"

WHAT HAS THE NORTH TO DO WITH SLAVERY?

Read the following statement, and then answer the question for yourselves:

The subscriber having been lately removed by the Postmaster of this city, from the office of letter-carrier, deems it a duty to state to his friends and the public the causes of his dismissal, satisfied that they will agree with him in pronouncing his rejection, at the dictation of a committee of the United States Senate, as one of the most flagrant instances of a proscriptive and persecuting interference with the right of private judgment and a conscientious discharge of duty that can any where be found. The facts are briefly these:—In the winter of 1837-8, three colored freemen, viz. Isaac Wright, of Philadelphia, Robert Garrison and Stephen Dickinson, of New-York, found employment on board the steamboat New Castle, then lying in the harbor of the latter place, and destined to ply as a packet between New Orleans and Florida. On her second return trip from St. Marks, one Thomas Lewis, who had escaped from one of the northern States, as a thief, and had broken jail in Florida, where he had been confined on the charge of murder, came passenger.—On her arrival at New Orleans, J. D. Wilson, her captain, being sick, Lewis took command, and under false pretences, took the three men to the New Orleans jail, and there sold them to a being by the name of George A. Botts, for $3000, thus adding the heinous crime of kidnapping to those of theft and murder. They were there stripped, tied, scourged with merciless severity, trampled on and threatened with death if they ever afterwards intimated to any person that they were entitled to their freedom.—They were then sent in chains to Vicksburg, and there sold at public auction as slaves for life—Stephen to a Kentucky horse jockey, and Robert and Isaac to a Mr. McMahan, by whom they were again sold, Robert in Arkansas, and Isaac in Raleigh, Tennessee, both of whom he warranted to be slaves for life, although he well knew that they were free-born citizens of New-York and Pennsylvania. Shortly after this, the purchaser of Isaac having disc

Senate, in the confident expectation that thereby his nomination as postmaster would not be confirmed.—In this, however, they were disappointed, as after some weeks deliberation, Mr. M. received intimations of a character not to be mistaken, *that his confirmation as Postmaster must be on the condition that the subscriber should be removed from office.*—This was accordingly done, and thus, without the imputation of a fault, the subscriber, with a large and dependent family, has been thrown out of employment, in consequence of having nearly three years ago, assisted a kidnapped freeman to escape from the unlawful custody of kidnappers and gamblers. Satisfied that in this act he did no more than his duty, he cheerfully submits this brief statement of the whole affair to the judgment of his friends and the community, leaving them to make their own comments. JOSHUA COFFIN.

☞The following comments on the above transaction are from the Northampton Courier:

DISFRANCHISEMENT OF THE NORTH.

It was suggested in our last, that the nomination of Edward Everett, as Minister to England, was opposed by a portion of the Southern Whigs, on the ground of his anti-slavery views. That nomination, together with those of Gen. James Wilson, of New Hampshire, as Surveyor-General of Iowa, and Joel Eastman, as District Attorney of New Hampshire,—both opposed *on the same ground*,—still remain undecided. In the mean time, the northern Press begin to speak out in language of no doubtful import. And it may be, that the indications of a reckoning day thus thrown out, will induce these mad politicians to alter their course. At any rate, should these nominations be confirmed, it will be because, and *only* because, the South *dare not reject*. Their disposition to do so, is abundantly manifest. Only look at the following instance of mean and dastardly conduct on the part of southern Whig Senators. When, a few days since, the nomination of Mr. Montgomery, as Postmaster of Philadelphia, was before the Senate, the southern men refused to vote for him, on the ground that he had given the appointment of letter-carrier *to an abolitionist*,—and Mr. Montgomery was distinctly informed that unless he discharged that individual, *he would lose his office!* Consequently, the sacrifice was made, and Mr. Montgomery was confirmed! The name of the individual referred to, is Joshua Coffin—a native, and, until within the last seven or eight years, a citizen of Massachusetts. He is a graduate of Dartmouth College—a man of strong mind, benevolent disposition, and excellent character. Being considerably advanced in the journey of life, depressed in his pecuniary circumstances, and having a family dependent upon him for support, he applied for the humble office of letter-carrier. He obtained it. It was the means, during the short time he held it, of comfortably maintaining his family. But the jealousy and malicious vindictiveness of slaveholding Senators would not rest, until that unfortunate man and his poor family were deprived of their means of subsistence—and for no other or better reason than that of entertaining sentiments on the subject of slavery, *which are professed by nineteen-twentieths of the people of New England!* And by this act, the South has as effectually proscribed all who disapprove of slaveholding, as if she had declared it in so many words. How long—ay, *how long*, shall such wrongs and insults be submitted to? What say you, men of the North?

We select the following extracts from several leading journals, in order to show our readers how other whig editors regard these attempts of southern men to proscribe the free-spirited citizens of the North. In fact, there is, so far as we can learn, but one feeling, and one voice in all the free States, in reference to this course of conduct,—the strong feeling, and the loud and indignant voice of reprobation.

☞We copy the following from the Dublin Morning Register. It was passed unanimously, and with great enthusiasm, by the Hibernian Anti-Slavery Society:

ADDRESS

FROM THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND TO THEIR COUNTRYMEN AND COUNTRYWOMEN IN AMERICA.

Dear Friends:—

You are at a great distance from your native land! A wide expanse of water separates you from the beloved country of your birth—from us, and from the kindred whom you love, and who love you, and pray for your happiness and prosperity in the land of your adoption.

We regard America with feelings of admiration: we do not look upon her as a strange land, nor upon her people as aliens from our affections. The power of steam has brought us nearer together; it will increase the intercourse between us, so that the character of the Irish people and of the American people must in future be acted upon by the feelings and dispositions of each.

The object of this address is to call your attention to the subject of SLAVERY IN AMERICA—that foul blot upon the noble institutions and the fair fame of your adopted country. But for this stain, America would, indeed, be a land worthy your adoption; but she will never be the glorious country that her free constitution designed her to be, so long as her soil is polluted by the footprint of a single slave.

Slavery is the most tremendous invasion of the natural, inalienable rights of man, and of some of the noblest gifts of God, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." What a spectacle does America present to the people of the earth! A land of professing Christian republicans, uniting their energies for the oppression and degradation of three millions of innocent human beings, the children of one common Father, who suffer the most grievous wrongs, cestors or their own! Slavery is a sin against God and man. All who are not for it must be against it. None can be neutral. We entreat you to take the part of justice, religion and liberty.

It is in vain that American citizens attempt to conceal their own and their country's degradation, under this withering curse. America is cursed by slavery! We call upon you to unite *with the abolitionists*, and never to cease your efforts until perfect liberty be granted to every one of her inhabitants, the black man as well as the white man. We are all children of the same gracious God, all equally entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

We are told that you possess great power, both moral and political, in America. We entreat you to exercise that power and that influence for the sake of humanity.

You will not witness the horrors of slavery in all the States of America. Thirteen of them are *free*, and thirteen are *slave States*. But in all, the pro-slavery feeling, though rapidly decreasing, is still strong. Do not unite with it: on the contrary, oppose it by all the peaceful means in your power.—Join with the abolitionists every where. They are the only *consistent advocates of liberty*. Tell every man that you do not understand liberty for the white man, and slavery for the black man: that you are for liberty for all, of every color, creed, and country.

The American citizen proudly points to the national declaration of independence, which declares that "All mankind are born free and equal, and are alike entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Aid him to carry out this noble declaration by obtaining freedom for the slave.

Irishmen and Irishwomen! treat the colored people as your equals, as brethren. By all your memories of Ireland, continue to love liberty—hate slavery—cling by the abolitionists, and in America you will do honor to the name of Ireland.

From the Report of the Chester County (Pa.) A. S. Society.

WAITING GOD'S TIME.

Among the many obstacles presented to the progress of our cause, we would call your attention to a doctrine which is prevailing to some extent, particularly among the Society of Friends, and which, so far as it is embraced, is calculated to give an efficient support to violence and wrong. By this doctrine slavery is represented as an evil which owes its continued existence to the permission of the Most High; and hence it is inferred, that He will correct it in His own good time and manner, and that it is our duty to wait with patience and becoming deference for the consummation of his designs. Now all movements which originate in the impelling sympathies of the human heart, and are directed by the natural powers of the human understanding, are represented as originating in the will of man, and necessarily at eamity with God, which character is unqualifiedly applied to the movements of the abolitionists. Thus it is assumed that these are now acting from a right sense of duty, and that the anti-slavery enterprise is foreign to the plans and designs of Divine Providence; and hence it is inferred, that the said enterprise is an attempt to thwart his pursoses by disturbing the order and harmony of his government, and that consequently it involves those who are engaged in it, in crimes little short of blasphemy and rebellion against their Creator. Such assumptions, boldly made, and unblushingly held forth to the world under the imposing garb of sanctity, bewilder the understandings of many religiously disposed persons; and where the secret feelings of the heart are already hostile, they are often conclusive upon the mind, and give rise to a deadly opposition to the anti-slavery movement. This doctrine is the more injurious, as it takes strong hold of the religious feelings, and chimes in with the prejudices, of an influential class in the Society above mentioned; and above all, it is admirably calculated to serve as an excuse for manifesting that indifference to the wrongs of the slave, which is too generally felt, even by those who are reluctant to acknowledge it before the world.

In the application of this doctrine to the case of the abolitionists, it is not only taken for granted, that the general precepts laid down by Christ, and the impelling feeling of benevolence and justice, which God has given to man as a part of his nature, are insufficient to justify him in attempting to relieve his fellow mortals when he knows they are in a states of suffering, and discovers that it is in his power to do them some important service; but it is also tacitly assumed, that we are not justified in ceasing to do evil, when by the mere natural powers of our understandings we are enabled to know that our actions have had an injurious effect upon others. Some special revelation, which the abolitionists have not been favored to receive, is supposed to be wanting in either case; and hence our proceedings are condemned indiscriminately, although it is well known that to cease from doing evil, to avoid supporting slavery by any portion of our moral, political, or commercial influence, is a primary object with us, and a measure which comprises a great part of our operations. Abolitionists judge, that if slavery is evil, those who support it, and to whom it owes its continuance, are necessarily evil-doers.—They know that the system is maintained by the force of law, and public opinion, supporting the despotism of the master; and they infer, that he whose influence, from precept and example, is directed against all efforts to produce a change in these respects, and favor of leaving things as they are, is giving a direct aud unequivocal support to slavery, and is thus living in the constant ecommission of an evil act.

We do not controvert the doctrine which ascribes the presence of evil to the *permission* of the Most High; nor do we object to that which teaches that he will remove it in his own time. But, believing that human instruments and moral power are his chosen means of operation for this end, we consider that a very dangerous state of mind, which would lead any one to neglect the calls of duty under the delusive expectation that the Lord will accomplish the desired work in a miraculous manner. And as we are authorized and enabled to judge of the spiritual condition of others by their fruits, we do not hesitate to say that those who are throwing obstacles in the way of such as are laboring to raise the standard of justice and righteousness in the earth, and who are persuading the people to rest satisfied in view of the enormities of slavery by the assurance that the Lord will find a way to correct the evil, are very far from having found the truth as it is in Jesus.

Communications.

LETTER FROM DR. HUDSON.

To the Editor of the Standard:

On my way from New-York to Ohio, I was continually occupied, on board stages, cars, and steamboats, in discussing the great questions connected with human rights and social improvemeat,—temperance, anti-slavery, the condition of our religious, political, literary, commercial, and manufacturing institutions, &c. &c. I urged upon the passengers the great importance of making good our professions as Christians and Republicans, if we sincerely placed any value upon our country, or our religion. This is a very efficient mode of scattering facts and arguments—of administering exhortation and reproof.—Like Phillip travelling with the Ethiopian, explaining to him the truths he carried with him, but understood not.

I left my family at Oberlin, and hastened to meet friend Burleigh at Mt. Pleasant. On the route, I fell in with two young Kentuckians from Saratoga Springs, greatly enraged at being carried so far out of their way. I told them much distance might have been saved by passing through Oberlin; and that they would, moreover, have had an opportunity to see a very thriving institution and colony there.

This incendiary remark caused an instantaneous explosion. They forthwith pronounced Oberlin "a den of thieves and robbers."

"What do they steal?"

"Our property."

"What property?"

"Our negroes. D—— the scoundrels, they come and flatter them away. I should like to catch some of them in Kentucky! We'd hang 'em up for crows to pick!"

"But that's an odd way of stealing—to come and flatter things away from their owners."

"Do you doubt that the niggers are our property?"

"I certainly do; and I think those are the real robbers and thieves, who claim other men as chattels, and forcibly take from them their honest earnings."

"I guess you are one of the abolition scoundrels?"

"I am an abolitionist."

"Well, the best I wish you, is that you were hanging on a tree, for Kentucky crows. If you come over our borders, we'll hang or shoot you."

"I cannot believe you have so inhuman a disposition as to kill me for differing from you in opinion concerning the application of certain principles, in which we all agree."

"D—— your principles. Keep them to yourself.—You are exciting our slaves to insurrection."

"But I have no access to them, and seek none."

"No matter; your doctrines are insurrectionary."

"Then you would hang a man for the honest expression of his opinion?—for merely exercising his natural and constitutional rights as an American citizen? I would not treat you thus,—murderers as you profess to be. Should you come to New-York, you are welcome to my house; and I promise to put no impediment in your way, if you wish to prove to northerners that slavery is a good institution. Are you not aware that the violent spirit you evince, betrays a consciousness that truth and justice are not on your side?"

"I would give five hundred dollars if you were out of this carriage!"

"You might hire a private one for a far less sum than that."

They could not help themselves; so they "dissolved the Union"——and were mum.

Unavoidable circumstances prevented C. C. Burleigh from meeting me at Mt. Pleasant, until the Yearly meeting on the 28th. I was requested to deliver a Temperance lecture, which I did, in the Presbyterian meeting-house, to a very respectable audience. Temperance is going ahead in this region, since the pestilence of hard cider has subsided.

At Leesburg, I lectured in the Methodist Episcopal meeting-house, opened for the first time. The positive and negative guilt of northern people, churches, and ministers, in connection with slavery, was my theme.—Some thought it was almost too bad, after they had opened their house for me, to expose the Methodists as I did. However, a large number were, I believe, thoroughly converted to abolition, and many more pricked in heart. A bundle of the Standard was subscribed for, at the close of the meeting, and I was importuned to return that way.

I did not arrive at Oberlin in season to attend the examinations at Commencement; but I understand, from many distinguished strangers who were present, that the students sustained a very close examination with great credit. About twenty young men were ordained for the ministry. Mr. Keep, an aged minister from Mt. Vernon, preached them a sermon from the text, "Return, O Lord, how long?" He remarked, the occasion Christians of the present day had to use this language, standing as they did amid the corruptions of Church and State. He said the Christianity of the American churches was a slaveholding Christianity; wholly unfit to be transmitted to the heathen; that the present incumbents of the ministerial office were inadequate to the demands of the time, false to principle, &c. Had precisely the same remarks been made by Garrison, or any one not *in* the ministry, it would doubtless have given rise to the cry of "infidelity."

The chapel was crowded to overflowing, to listen to the exercises of the Young Ladies' Class, which were as interesting and edifying as any part of the performances. The narrow limits of a letter will not allow me to bestow the deserved commendation upon each individual.

"Contracting Spectacles," an Essay by Catherine Snow, attracted particular attention; I send you a copy of it. Their hearts are right at Oberlin; but I think it is their misfortune to look at some important subjects connected with human freedom, through contracting spectacles.

On Wednesday morning, about three thousand people assembled to hear the exercises of the graduating class, in a great tent, with a banner unfurled, on which was inscribed, "Holiness to the Lord." The performances, on subjects moral, scientific and literary, were highly creditable to the institution. A noble address on the Political Economy of Slavery, by John Todd, West Hanover, Pa., was followed by an electrifying trumpet-blast—it was Freedom's Call, to the tune of "Scots wha hae wie Wallace bled," played by a *fugitive slave!* A full band of music joined in the spirit-stirring strain.

There were twelve degrees conferred; three of them on young ladies, who had gone through a regular collegiate course. I believe this is the first instance of the kind in any literary institution in this country. Oberlin has taken a noble stand, irrespective of sex or color.—The friends of human rights will arise and call her blessed.

After the college exercises, a concert was given by a juvenile choir of one hundred and fifty little boys and girls. Music is much cultivated in this institution. It has about six hundred students connected with it, and many desiring to enter it, are not able, for want of room.

The third-party abolitionists held a meeting. After some discussions on political action, a resolution was passed that if existing parties did not nominate good and true men, the abolitionists would.

One resolution, of a somewhat jealous character, was passed; condemning any attempt to introduce any anti-slavery paper into Ohio, at the expense of the Philanthropist. In general, the anti-slavery editors of our country are agents for *all* the anti-slavery papers, and thus afford every body a chance to take what paper they choose.

From Oberlin I went to Medina, lectured to a full audience, and roused up some latent abolition, which had become disgusted with third partyism. Charles Alcott lives here, and is alive to the claims of humanity; likewise a Mr. Carpenter, State Senator, who is, I believe, a conscientious abolitionist. I obtained a good many subscribers for the Standard.

I afterward lectured in Massilon. Twenty-five dollars, already pledged to the Ohio State Society, was all the friends here thought they could do for the anti-slavery cause; though living in a land "flowing with milk and honey." They think they are new-organized. "The reason *why*, they cannot tell;" but "I don't like thee, Dr. Fell."

At Lushing I addressed a Methodist camp-meeting, on the subject of slavery.

Thine, for the cause of freedom,

E. D. HUDSON.

LETTER FROM J. HOLCOMB.

The writer is informed that my long delay in publishing this article, has not been owing to any of the causes he imagines; least of all, to the fact that he is not of the "literary stamp;" in this particular I am farther, if possible, from exclusiveness, than on any other point. The simple, unvarnished truth is, that the letter reached me just as I was on the point of starting, in great haste, for Boston. It was laid away, and, for some time after, forgotten; when recollected, it was shut out by communications relating to more recent events.—L. M. C.

BRANDON Vermont, June, 1841.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I saw in the Report of the American Society a statement that an individual would pay fifty dollars toward defraying the expense of testing the *constitutionality* of holding slaves in the District of Columbia, provided that question could be brought before, and decided by, the Supreme Court of the United States. This question has long occupied my mind; and on reading Harrison's Inaugural address, I could see no *constitutional right whatever*, to enslave human beings in that district, provided his position was tenable.

When I saw a proposition to have the question tried, I resolved to make an effort to raise as much more in this section, as soon as it could be ascertained that the thing was practicable. If my memory serves me right, no claim less than $2,000 can be brought before that body. I wish Friend Hopper would examine the subject, and give the result of his investigations in the Standard.

Another topic on which I wish to speak, is concerning colored men, who go about the country, endeavoring to raise money to purchase a sister, wife, or child. No less than three have passed through this place quite recently. I would, by no means, have abolitionists reject all such claims, or turn a deaf ear to all such stories; but I would have them examine the premises carefully—particularly before they give such persons a written recommendation to the sympathy of abolitionists throughout the country.—Our colored brethren have the same nature as the white man, and are, of course, subject to the same temptation to deceive, which led many foreigners to practise on American sensibilities, excited in behalf of the Greeks and Poles.

If slaveholders find the people of the North ready to buy up their slaves, they no doubt will be graciously ready to dispose of the *refuse* portion; *i. e.* those of little pecuniary value to them. For this, and other reasons, I do not feel inclined to encourage such a mode of operation, without prudent examination; though cases may undoubtedly occur, in which I should feel it a sacred duty to give my assistance.

I lately saw an advertisement, copied from a paper in the District of Columbia, offering a reward for a runaway female slave, her two brothers, &c. &c. I am pretty confident I saw the woman, on her way to Canada; and her owner, as he calls himself, may as well give up the chase. She acknowledged that she had a good master, but, nevertheless, wanted her liberty. She and her husband, who belonged to another man, set their wits to work, and contrived to slip away, separately. They met again in Pennsylvania, and, together, followed "the North star." This must have been by *instinct*; for you know "colored people have not wit enough to take care of themselves;" and these were pretty black.

There are several individuals here, who gladly give a helping hand to all such wayfarers; and we not unfrequently have it in our power to do so. It seems to be the unanimous voice of these oppressed strangers, that they would most gladly return to the South, if they could only be free there. This goes to prove that when the slaves are emancipated, the South will be in no danger of losing her laborers, and the North will incur no risk of being overrun with more than she can employ.

How thankful am I that the abolition key has been applied to the great prison-house of American slavery—that the doors are thrown open, so that all the world may gaze upon its horrid secrets. How grateful ought we to be to those who have turned States' evidence, even while still guarding the prison doors! See Weld's Thousand Witnesses. Half of the dreadful story has not been told; and never can be, till the judgment day. But let us strive to keep the door open, that light may penetrate to the deepest cells.

The abolition key has likewise been applied to that which calls itself the Church of Christ; and has revealed much. It has shown that all the denominations are involved in a common guilt; that sectarianism is stronger than humanity; that they care more for the advancemen of some speculative opinions, than for the universal dissemination of Christ's spirit on earth; that many wh have been licensed by their fellow men to preach the gos pel, care more for salary and reputation, than they do fo conscience and duty.

"The true Shepherd careth for the sheep; but the hire ling fleeth because he *is* an hireling."

I would not willingly hurt the feelings of good men among the clergy, any more than of any other class; but it often becomes necessary to shoot our arrows at them, because the nature of their office enables them to stand more in our way than any other men can do.

Many prejudices have been unlocked by this magical key, the doors of which can never again be effectually closed.

I might glance at what it has done in England, and the still greater work it is destined to do, now that it has passed into the hands of the Chartists, and enabled them to lay open the secrets of *their* prison-house to Lords, Bishops, commoners, and laymen. But this subject requires more ample space than a letter affords.

Yours, for true reform,

J. HOLCOMB.

A SLAVE WIFE!

With the exception of a little punctuation, to render it intelligible, the following letter is an exact copy of one taken out of the Dead Letter Office, at Washington.—The anxiety of the poor slave wife, expressed with such quiet sadness, is exceedingly touching. It makes the heart ache to think that this letter, as well as the others she wrote, never reached its destination. The interchange of soul by writing, is among the blessings denied to the poor bondmen. It would not be safe for their masters.

RICHMOND VA. october 27 1840

DEAR HUSBAND—

this is the third letter that I have written to you, and have not received any from you; and dont no the reason that I have not received any from you. I think very hard of it. the trader has been here three times to Look at me. I wish that you would try to see if you can get any one to buy me up there. if you dont come down here this Sunday, perhaps you wont see me any more. give my love to them all, and tell them all that perhaps I shan't see you any more. give my love to your mother in particular, and to many wines, and to aunt betsy, and all the children: tell Jane and Mother they must come down a fortnight before christmas. I wish to see you all, but I expect I never shall see you all—never no more.

I remain your Dear and affectionate Wife,

SARGRY BROWN.

Directed to

MORES BROWN goughland County

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, SEPT. 16, 1841.

EACH IN ALL.

In the best music there is, so to speak, an harmonious introduction of discords.

No deficiency of the human mind is so common as that of one-sidedness. No faculty is so rare as that of looking at a theory in which we do *not* believe, and judging of its origin, it results, and its tendencies, with as much candor as if we *did* believe it. There is usually the same difficulty in appreciating characters, with which our own does not harmonize. In fact, the performance of this difficult task requires that the moral and intellectual faculties should be remarkably well balanced; for to the clear perception,—which recognizes a ray from the great Fountain of Light and Truth, through all its manifold reflections, refractions, and partial eclipses,—must be added that extreme conscientiousness, which shrinks from misrepresenting any form of truth, or disparaging any degree of excellence.

In the excitement and turmoil of reforms, this quiet "many-sidedness" is most peculiarly rare—difficult to attain, and still more difficult to keep.

Those spiritual ears which love the flute better than the trumpet, will not only prefer James and John to Paul, Erasmus and Melanethon to Luther, Dr. Channing and S. J. May to Garrison—but they will find it difficult to acknowledge that characters to which their own sympathies do not respond, are performing any other than an utterly discordant part in the great world-chorus.—They naturally think that Christianity could have been more effectually advanced by the mild expostulations of John, than the fiery onsets of Paul. The great principles so boldly announced by Luther, fell disagreeably on the fastidious ear of Erasmus, because they came clothed "in coarse, vulgar, slang-whanging Latin;" and Dr. Channing finds the same difficulty with Garrison's English.

On the other hand the trumpet-toned characters do not readily perceive the use of the flute; which seems to give a weak, if not an uncertain sound. It will not wake the dead, they say; forgetting there are other missions to be performed in this world, beside waking the dead; nay, that the dead, if suddenly waked, may need soothing and cheering tones to help them recover the full use of their senses.

To Luther, Erasmus doubtless appeared as the German, Franz Horn, has described him: "one of those writers who have all the desire in the world, to build God Almighty a magnificent church,—at the same time, however, not giving the devil any offence; to whom, accordingly, they set up a neat little chapel close by, where you can offer him some touch of sacrifice at a time, and practise a quiet household devotion for him without disturbance." And not greatly different from this, does Dr. Channing appear to Garrison.

It is not worth while to carry out the fanciful metaphor through all the infinite variations of human character; else might we delight to dwell on Wendell Phillips, the bugle-toned—waking the slumbering echoes like a trumpet-blast, drawn out in melodious cadence, like the sweet warbling of a flute.

What we wish to say is, that all gifts should be valued; none disparaged; none praised at another's expense.—In the great work God has to perform in the world, He needs the ministry of sons of thunder, sons of consolation, and sons of cheering hopefulness. Let us remember that all these utterances are the work of the same inspiration, and adapted to the same end. The lightning, the sunbeam, and the breeze, are all needed; let us be devoutly thankful to God that all are given.—Let not the flash say to the ray, "I have no need of thee;" or the breeze say to the thunder, "I have no need of thee."

Ellis Gray Loring could not write like Garrison, or Maria Child like Rogers, without doing violence to their own spirits; neither could Garrison and Rogers write like them, without putting a sinful constraint on the free ction of their own souls: yet each and all have words f truth given them to utter; nor will they utter them in ain, so long as they speak in sincerity of heart.

It should be remembered, that throughout the history of eforms, the Erasmuses and Channings are roused, and rought into action, by the Luthers and the Garrisons; nd that they, in their turn, act on a very large class of minds, of whom they are always in advance.

Like an eddy in the river, the outer circles would never ave had existence, but for the central agitation; but if hose outer circles agitate less powerfully, and with less epth, let it not be forgotten that they embrace a much greater extent of surface. Above all this should it be remembered, that if the central movement stops, the widening circles stop with it.

Garrison and Rogers, brave and true spirits that ye are! keep at your work; and I will keep at mine. Our spheres are different, but most harmonious.

"Like circles widening round
Upon a clear blue river,
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
Is echoed on forever:
Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And love toward men of love—salvation and release."

While indulging this vein of thought, it will be well to remark, that every class of human minds have their peculiar dangers as well as peculiar uses. The sternly uncompromising are too apt to repel the advances of timid spirits, and to believe that every thing which is hesitating is necessarily insincere. Because *they* see, at a glance, some one principle from its origin to its remotest bearings, they forget that temperament, education, and social influences, may make it very difficult for another equally honest mind to see that principle in half its relations, even after painful investigation. Nay, their own minds may be in an equally unfavorable position with regard to some *other* principle.—Let them beware of their impatient contempt of all go-betweens. Let them not hastily conclude that "the world is all the worse for its mediators." The electric spark cannot be transmitted without touching hands.

But with regard to the anti-slavery cause, the greatest danger, at this time above all others, does not arise from the sterner class. The gentle spirits among us have need to guard their weakness well; or their amiability will lead them into an unconscious betrayal of our principles. *Their* danger is that of compromising truth, without being aware of it; because the temptation is insidiously presented to them in a disguised form. Let them take heed that they *stand where they are!* While they welcome with kindness and candor every one that really comes up to stand beside them, let them be careful not to turn to the right hand or the left, to listen to the voice of the charmer, "charm he ever so wisely."—Be it remembered, that there is no way to get out of the mazes of falsehood and hypocrisy, into the highway of truth and openness, except by turning short round, and walking boldly into the highway, in the face of all men.

"Sons of consolation," accept the warning, as kindly as it is given. Lay it well to heart. *You* are the gate through which the enemy always expect to betray the unyielding citadel. If you are deceived with smooth professions, the painful and disgraceful battle of the last two years will soon have to be fought over again—let anti-slavery survive it as she may. On *you*, therefore, rests a tremendous responsibility.

Recollect the fact that *the old American Anti-Slavery Society has never changed!* Therefore it has no need of concession or retraction; and most obviously no such step could be taken, without conceding some original *principle*. We harshly repulse no one, nor will we leave our position to meet any one—be he king or kaiser. We stand on the broad old platform—and invite the WORLD to meet us there!—L. M. C.

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 5.

I trust you do not keep the rapid sketches I send you, for materials to compose some future Gazeteer; if so, I must be more heedful how I guide my pen. "A Reader of the Standard" takes me to task for including the *sea* in the description of Weehawken; and asks if it were "an effort to reach the sublime." You know I never make an *effort* to attain either the sublime or the beautiful; well knowing it is the very process to destroy them both. In good truth, the inaccuracy arose from simple forgetfulness; as the broad and billowy Hudson presented itself to my recollection, I forgot, for the moment, that it was *not* the sea.

Since I wrote last, I have again visited Hoboken to see a band of Scotchmen, in the old Highland costume.—They belong to a Benevolent Society for the relief of indigent countrymen; and it is their custom to meet annually in Gaelic dress, to run, leap, hurl stones, and join in other Highland exercises—in fond remembrance of

"The land of rock and glen,
Of strath, and lake, and mountain,
And more—of gifted men."

There were but thirty or forty in number, and a very small proportion of them fine specimens of manhood.—There was one young man, however, who was no bad sample of a brave young chief in the olden time—an athletic frame, frank countenance, bold bearing, and the bright, eager eye of one familiar with rugged hills and the mountain breeze. Before I was told, my eye singled him out, as the most likely to bear away the prizes in the games. There was mettle in him, that in another age and another clime, would have enabled him to stand beside brave old Torquil of the Oak, and give the cheerful response, "*Bas air son Eachin.*" (Death for Hector.)

But that age has passed, blessed be God; and he was nothing more than a handsome, vigorous Scotch emigrant, skilful in Highland games.

The dresses in general, like the wardrobe of a theatre, needed the effect of distance to dazzle the imagination; though two or three of them were really elegant. Green or black velvet, with glittering buttons, was fitted close to the arms and waist; beneath which fell the tartan kilt in ample folds; from the left shoulder flowed a long mantle, of bright-colored plaid, chosen according to the varieties of individual taste, not as distinguishing marks of ancestral clans. Their shaggy pouches, called *sporrans*, were of plush or fur. From the knee to the ancle, there was no other covering than the Highland buskin of crimson plaid. One or two had dirks with sheaths and hilts beautifully embossed in silver, and ornamented with large crystals from Glen-cairn; St. Andrew and the thistle, exquisitely wrought on the blades of polished steel.

These were exceptions; for, as I have said, the corps in general had a theatrical appearance; nor can I say they bore their standards, or unsheathed their claymores, with a grace quite sufficient to excite my imagination.—Two boys, of eight or ten years old, who carried the tassels of the central banner, in complete Highland costume, pleased me more than all the others; for children receive gracefulness from nature, and learn awkwardness of men.

But though there were many accompaniments to render the scene common-place and vulgar, yet it was not without pleasurable excitement, slightly tinged with romance, that I followed them along the steep banks of Hoboken, and caught glimpses of them between the tangled foliage of the trees, or the sinuosities of rocks, almost as rugged as their own mountain-passes. Banners and mantles, which might not have borne too close inspection, looked graceful as they floated so far beneath me; and the sound of the bagpipes struck less harshly on my ear, than when the musicians stood at my side. But even softened by distance, I thought the shrill wailing of this instrument appropriate only to Clan *Chattan*, whose Chief was called *Mohr ar chat*, or the Great Cat.

As a phantom of the Past this little pageant interested me extremely. I thought of the hatred of those fierce old clans, whose "blood refused to mix, even if poured into the same vessel." They were in the State what sects are in the Church—narrow, selfish, and vindictive.

The State has dissolved *her* clans, and the Church is fast following the good example; though there are still sectarians, casting their shadows on the sunshine of God's earth, who, if they were to meet on the Devil's Bridge as did the two old feudal chieftains of Scotland, would, like them, choose death rather than humble prostration for the safe foot-path of an enemy.

Clans have forgotten old quarrels, and not only mingled together, but with a hostile nation. National pride and national glory is but a more extended clanship, destined to be merged in universal love for the human race.—Then farewell to citadels and navies, tariffs and diplomatists; for the prosperity of *each* will be the prosperity of *all*.

In religion, too, the spirit of extended, as well as of narrow, clanship will cease. Not only will Christianity forget its minor subdivisions, but it will *itself* cease to be sectarian. That only will be a genuine "World's Convention," when Christians, with reverent tenderness for the religious sentiment in every form, are willing that Mahometans or Pagans should unite with them in every good work, without abstaining from ceremonies which to them are sacred.

"The Turks," says Lamartine, "always manifest respect for what other men venerate and adore. Wherever a Mussulman sees the image of God in the opinion of his fellow creatures, he bows down and he respects; persuaded that the *intention* sanctifies the *form*."

The world, regenerated and made free, will bid a glad farewell to clans and sects! Would that their graves were dug and their requiems sung! And nothing but their standards and costumes left as curious historical records of the benighted Past.—L. M. C.

UNION OF OLD AND NEW ORGANIZATION.

We copy the following notice, from the Emancipator, for the benefit of any, or all, whom it may concern.—What would be the sentiment of the American Anti-Slavery Society, or even of its Executive Committee, on this subject, I know not. I am responsible only for my own opinion. My own convictions of duty are clear as the noon. Having the anti-slavery cause deeply at heart, I deprecate nothing so much as even an *appearance* of union between the old and new organization.—A union with Colonization would seem to me as practicable, and quite as safe. If this painful warfare has been for anything but *principle*, we are indeed most blameworthy—most unpardonable, in the sight of God and man. But it *was* a division on principle; and principles do not change their nature, as expediency does.—That which was false, remains false; that which was true, remains true. They cannot unite together; the thing is impossible.

The gentlemen invited to attend are all New Organizationists, except James C. Jackson; if we omit Gerrit Smith, who stands on "debatable ground." I have not the slightest tinge of personal unkindness towards a single individual of them all; but until they openly acknowledge that their secession from the American Society was founded on a mistaken principle, I would as soon appear to be acting in concert with R. R. Gurley, as with them.

This declaration is as painful to me as the drawing of a tooth; but I am constrained thereto by the unbiassed dictates of my conscience. I look upon these invitations to "union," from various quarters, with distrust and alarm. I dread insidious friendship more than open enmity. If we suffer ourselves to be deceived by these solicitations, we shall assuredly make shipwreck of our noble cause, and that, too, when we are just beginning to outride the storm in safety.

Let New Organizationists pursue their way in freedom, by such means as they choose; but let us avoid all partnership, or compromise, for conscience' sake.—L. M. C.

ANTI-SLAVERY UNION MEETING.

The abolitionists, male and female, of Albany and the adjacent counties, are invited to attend a meeting to be held in the city of Albany, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 21st and 22d days of Sept. inst., to take into consideration the subject of American Slavery, as it affects our social, political and religious institutions, and propose for action such measures as upon mature and prayerful deliberation, shall be deemed to be duty to God and man.

It is hoped there will be a full attendance of those who labor and pray for the immediate abolition, *without distinction of sect or party*. Let past differences of opinion be forgotten, and let us come together as brethren, with a spirit of conciliation and forbearance. The following gentlemen have been invited to attend: Theodore D. Weld, Joshua Leavitt, E. D. Culver, H. B. Stanton, Dr. Beman, Alvan Stewart, Beriah Green, Wm. Goodell, Gerrit Smith, James C. Jackson, James G. Birney, and other distinguished friends of the oppressed, several of whom have already signified their intention to attend.

The abolitionists of Albany will provide entertainment for friends from abroad.

L. P. Noble,	Calvin Pepper, jr.
Isaac Smith,	I. G. Wasson,
E. D. Allen,	Wm. Newton.
Wm. Maywell,	E. W. Goodwin,
C. P. Williams,	Nathan Colborn, jr.
Jonas Wicks,	*Albany.*
Preston Sheldon,	Gurdon Grant,
P. W. Marsh,	Charles Sheldon,
	Troy.

Albany, Sept. 1, 1841.

ANTI-SLAVERY UNION MEETING.

The abolitionists, male and female, of Dutchess and the adjacent counties, are invited to attend a meeting to be held in the valley of Poughkeepsie, on Thursday and Friday, the 23d and 24th days of Sept. inst., to take into consideration the subject of American Slavery, as it affects our social, political and religious institutions, and propose for action such measures as upon mature and prayerful deliberation shall be deemed to be a duty to God and man.

It is hoped that there will be a full attendance of those who labor and pray for the immediate abolition of slavery, *without distinction of sect or party*. Let past differences of opinion be forgotten, and let us come together as brethren, with a spirit of conciliation and forbearance. The following gentlemen have been invited to attend:—Theodore D. Weld, Joshua Leavitt, E. D. Culver, H. B. Stanton, Dr. Beman, Alvan Stewart, Beriah Green, Wm. Goodell, Gerrit Smith, James C. Jackson, James G. Birney, and other distinguished friends of the oppressed, several of whom have already signified their intention to attend.

Wm. M. West,	Jas. H. Dudley,
Thos. Austin,	Geo. L. Lerow,
Ira Armstrong,	Wm. McGeorge,
Samuel Thompson,	Charles Thompson,
Henry Fairchild,	Marvin Armstrong,
Israel S. Green,	Robert Physon,
D. L. Starr,	John Sleight.

The meeting will be held in the Mill-street Methodist Episcopal church.

Poughkeepsie, Sept. 1, 1841.

LETTER TO I. T. HOPPER.

The following letter is one among many similar ones, received from ministers, elders, and overseers of the Society of Friends, in various parts of the country. The editor of the Standard is alone responsible for its publication. It is done with no wish to flatter the much respected friend, to whom it is addressed; but simply as an index of the state of things in that religious community.

MY DEAR FRIEND—

The peculiar circumstances which have lately been thrown around thee, respecting thy right in membership with the Society of Friends, has excited my strongest sympathy; having been acquainted with thee by character and personal intercourse for the last twenty years, and often animated to faithfulness and a self-sacrificing spirit, by thy undeviating and inflexible adherence to duty and right, in individual cases, and in an associated form in the Society of Friends.

I well remember that thou hadst to stand in the front of the battle, when our liberties as *Friends* were cloven down by a spirit of bigotry and persecution, which rose up among us, spreading discord and rending the flock.—Though young in years, my heart often swelled in sympathy with thee and others, who I saw were opening a way for me to pass with less suffering than you endured.

When I last saw thee in Philadelphia some years since, I recognized the same devotion to duty and right, which had before marked thy character; and when since I observed thy name among many other worthy friends, whom I knew engaged in active labor, in an associated form, for the oppressed, it strengthened my hands—having some time before found my peace consisted in making active and energetic efforts with Friends and others, for the down-trodden portion of our brethren and sisters in this land of slavery.

The advocates of this righteous cause have had to endure buffeting, and persecution; and being mutual sufferers, they have loved one another more. I ardently desire thou mayst not suffer thy mind to be over-anxious about the event; for *assuredly the Israel of God will cast for

therhood of man; unrebuked and unawed by that Spirit which thanks God that it "is not as other men."

Whether the society is already formed, or whether there will be another raised up, I cannot see; but that the pure, holy power of God will rise over all opposing things, I have no doubt.

If in the "turnings and overturnings" of Jehovah, for the establishment of his kingdom on earth, we have to fill up "our measure of suffering," let us remember "these light afflictions are but for a moment, and work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

My spirit deeply sympathizes with thee and thy two brethren, who have suffered the exercise of an intolerant spirit. My prayers ascend for you all—that you may abide in the low valley of self-renunciation, where you may know the storm to burst over your heads, and remain unmoved.

Know for a certainty there are "seven thousand in our Israel" bound with you; and though you may feel you "have to cross this Jordan with your staff alone," yet a band will be numbered with you, and you may yet rejoice that your sufferings have promoted the cause of truth and righteousness.

In feelings of ardent solicitude that the blessing of preservation in faithfulness to all the manifested will of our Heavenly Father may be known to all his seeking children,

I desire to be numbered among thy sincere friends.

LYDIA S. WIERMAN.

YORK SPRINGS, 8th mo. 27th, 1841.

MOB IN CONGRESS.

This disgraceful fracas is one of the natural products of slavery. Men cannot easily be otherwise than haughty, impatient, and overbearing, who are educated in a school of perpetual violence and tyranny. Such a scene could never have occurred in a Congress of New England men. Would that the American people would pause in their mad career, and reflect, ere it be too late, upon the self-evident truth, that slavery and our free institutions cannot exist together! They *must* clash, and one or the other perish in the conflict. Choose, which ye will serve.

GEORGE THOMPSON'S SPEECH.

This is a cheering voice from beyond the waters.—Considering his distant point of view, this brave anti-slavery champion well understands the relative position of parties here, and explains them fairly.

We thank him especially for his eloquent defence of John A. Collins; a man who has suffered much from misrepresentation and secret calumny, and throughout the whole, courted that open and thorough investigation, which his disinterested zeal, and unimpeachable integrity, was sure to render triumphant.

THE THIRD OF DECEMBER.

This is the anniversary of the formation of the American Anti-Slavery Society, at Philadelphia, and of the "Second Declaration of Independence." We rejoice to hear that proposals are abroad for the commemoration of this interesting event, in the same city that witnessed our first solemn meeting. Let all the warm-hearted, strong-hearted and true-hearted friends of this old veteran Society, be at the gathering from all quarters; and if there are any timid but true hearts, let them go too—and they will find strength and hope.

I have regretted nothing so much, in my anti-slavery experience, as the having been absent from our first meeting, so eminently characterized by moral grandeur, and holy unison of feeling, forgetful of creeds and forms.

"Fifteen long years," said the venerable and enthusiastic Esther Moore, "there seemed to be nobody but Benny Lundy and I, to weep over the abominations of slavery. All at once, I heard there was to be an anti-slavery gathering in our city, from the East. I went—and, oh! how my heart leaped up as I listened! For there I found the "seven thousand of Israel, who had never bowed the knee to Baal, or kissed his image."

L. M. C.

☞ Letters and communications for Dr. E. D. Hudson, are to be addressed to Oberlin, Lorrain county, Ohio.

Extract of a letter written to OLIVER JOHNSON, by J. A. COLLINS, dated,

HAVERHILL, Mass.

"I never felt so much encouraged as regards the state of our cause as at the present moment. Everything is full of hope. New Organization is completely used up. I have lectured in more than a dozen different towns, within the last fortnight, and have hardly crossed the track of one of that school. Many who formerly ranked under their banners, have contributed liberally to our Society. We hope that soon nothing but their tombstones will remain. We had a good meeting in this place last evening. Brother Charles Fitch appears to be in an excellent frame of mind. I hope he will soon again give our cause the weight of his influence."

Anti-Slavery Items.

"FUGITIVES FROM INJUSTICE."—A friend from Philadelphia informs us that there had passed through that city, from *Baltimore alone*, three hundred runaway slaves, in the course of the last six months; and doubtless as many more from the same place went North by different routes. A few years ago, New-York was the scene of frequent contention between slave-holders and the friends of oppressed humanity. Again and again has Isaac T. Hopper had daggers drawn, and pistols pointed at him in the streets, and his sons have been kicked, cuffed, and knocked down, merely for aiding fugitives, in procuring witnesses, &c. In many cases, the agents sent on by southerners boarded with the keeper of the prison, to be continually on the spot, to brow-beat and insult every one who dared offer assistance of any kind to the trembling prisoner.—But business of this kind is now growing scarce in our Courts. The slaveholders are getting shy of New-York; and if a slave gets within her jurisdiction, they quietly enter him in their account-books, as property lost by "act of Providence," as the lawyers say. Freemen have no rights at the South; and slavery should have no rights at the North. To speak with strict morality, it has no rights anywhere.

PETITIONS.—The Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society are taking active measures for the circulation of Petitions to Congress—for Abolition in the District; of Inter-state Slave Trade; against admission of New Slave States; for the recognition of Hayti; and for "the abolition of all laws and provisions which require the people of the free States to participate in the sin of slavery."

To the State Legislature, "for the repeal of the law prohibiting the intermarriage of persons of different colors.

For a law declaring the equal rights of persons of color in the use of the means of conveyance furnished under charters from that state."

The last Anti-Slavery Reporter contains prepared forms of petitions to Congress, all calculated for "legal voters;" a phrase which might, however, be easily omitted, in case other than legal voters wished to sign.

They are for Abolition in the District of Columbia; in Florida, "in such a manner as not to violate the treaty of cession;" and the abolition of the slave trade between the States. A remonstrance against the "adoption, by either House of Congress, of any rule, order, resolution, law, or usage, limiting, ar impairing the constitutional right of the people to petition Congress for a removal of grievances," &c.; and a prayer for the "repeal of all laws and provisions whereby the people of the free States, the Federal Government, or the nation, are bound in any way to countenance, protect, or aid, in sustaining the institution of slavery!"

SOUTHERN MOVEMENTS.—A public meeting was held by the citizens of Concordia, Louisiana, on the 7th of August, to "take into consideration the recent conduct of certain citizens, and judicial officers of the State of Ohio, and other non-slaveholding States; and for the purpose of adopting such measures as may be necessary for the protection of Southern rights." They resolved that "the recent decision by one of the nigh courts of Ohio, was *clearly opposed to the spirit of our laws, and of our national compact, and excites fearful apprehension that the judiciary of that State is about to be prostituted to the purpose of those vile fanatics, who are incessantly laboring to rob us of our slaves.*" The meeting stated that the continual wrongs inflicted on their fellow citizens travelling to the North with slaves, was no longer to be endured; and unless non-slaveholding States took the most decided measures to put down the abolitionists, they recommended non-intercourse in business, and cessation of travelling among them. Severe laws to prevent the introduction of free negroes were recommended, on the ground that they were employed as agents of anti-slavery societies.

These proceedings were highly approved in Natchez, where a meeting likewise convened, and resolved, "That our representatives in the next legislature be requested to use their exertions to procure the passage of a law to inhibit, by suitable penalties, the employment of any slave, or free negro upon any steamboat engaged in the commerce of this State."

How well has the South chosen her motto, "*In suspicion and distrust lies our only safety.*" And what volumes of meaning does that motto reveal concerning the iniquity of her system!

It is hardly necessary to say to any enlightened reader that the charge of employing free negroes as our agents is altogether and totally unfounded. Our business is with the *masters* only; except when slaves come under our protection by entering the jurisdiction of the free States. We do not deny diligent efforts to make the slaveholders uncomfortable in their sins; we esteem it a duty to do so, by the exertion of our moral influence in every way ingenuity can devise, and conscience sanction.

The judicial decision of Ohio, which so much irritates and alarms the South, is simply this—The Common Law supposes all men to be free; and where there are no special legislative enactments to the contrary, the Common Law prevails in our States. Throughout the entire South, the Common law is overruled by slave-law; in New-York it was formerly so, by the provision which allowed masters to hold their slaves nine months under the laws of that State; Pennsylvania has still a similar provision.

But most of the free States have no special provisions of this sort; and this being the case in Massachusetts and Ohio, the judges could not help deciding, even if they were disposed to do so, that the Common Law prevailed; and therefore every slave *brought or sent*, by their masters, into those States, became free the moment he touched the soil.

All slaves would be considered free in the free States, were there not a clause in the Constitution of the United States supposed to require the surrender of *runaways*.—When will the moral sense of the North effect the repeal of this provision? It requires nothing but the honest exertion of a strong will, with Christian kindness and firmness combined.

POLITICAL PARTY.—The Political Party Abolitionists are very diligent, drumming up recruits everywhere, in the approved style of electioneering campaigns. National, State, County, City, and Ward Committees are appointed in all directions, and nominations made in most of the free States. It seems to make more head-way at the West, than elsewhere. This party has been the means of defeating the election of the whig governor, by the people of Vermont; but it is supposed he will be chosen by the Legislature. It would be curious to calculate the time and money expended in these nominations. It must make a great hole in anti-slavery funds.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.—This paper is suspended for a short time for want of support. The editor says his "subscription list is larger than ever before; but while convention after convention is being held thoughout the State, while new societies are starting into existence, while anti-slavery men, with great harmony and vigor, are preparing to go up to the polls like freemen, and our subscription list is increasing, we shall absolutely be obliged to suspend, unless we have immediate aid. Not one twelfth part of the money pledged at the last anniversary, to be paid in three months, has been received."

INDIANA.—Arnold Buffum writes from this State that he is "pleased to find they are generally waking up to a sense of the monstrous aggression of the slave power, upon the rights of the people of the northern States.—Thus they are gradually becoming prepared to unite for the overthrow of an institution, which has already overthrown, or very seriously threatens, every beneficial institution in our land."

PRESIDENT TYLER.—Some anti-slavery paper (we forget to which the credit belongs) speaking of the President's "constitutional scruples," about the Bank, inquires why he has no scruples about stripping some two hundred of his neighbors of their liberty, and appropropriating their earnings to his own aggrandizement?

RIOT.—The pro-slavery of Massachusetts, after long trying to suffocate abolition by silent contempt, has again uttered some of its old growls. S. S. Foster, who has been recently lecturing at Millbury was assailed, in the old fashion, by hisses, groans, stamping, and "demoniac laughter," from lawyers, church-members, and sundry "gentlemen of property and standing." Abby Kelly writes, "From this day, henceforward, Millbury is an anti-slavery town, Let us take courage, thanking God."

FOREIGN ANTI-SLAVERY.—A Joint Stock Company is being formed in *England*, from promoting the growth of Cotton in India. Our British friends are working zealously with regard to slavery in Cuba.

Joseph J. Gurney is working to some purpose in *France*. He has been received by the king and his ministers, and a special meeting of peers, deputies and distinguished citizens, convened in Paris, to listen to the facts in connection with slavery and emancipation, which had come under his observation in the Danish and British West Indies.

J. J. Gurney's "Winter in the West Indies" has been translated and read with great interest in *Holland*. A petition has been read in the Second Chamber of the States General, "demanding that the slaves should be freed, and Paramaribo made a free port."

The Legislature of *Sweden* are about soliciting the king to abolish slavery in St. Bartholomew's.

At a meeting held at the Royal Exchange, Dublin, Charles Lenox Remond, a colored citizen of the United States, was called to the chair, amid enthusiastic applause.

M. L'Instant, of Hayti, now in London, has undertaken the translation of Miss Martineau's "Hour and the Man" into French, for the benefit of his countrymen.

Congress.

DISGRACEFUL RIOT.—On the 9th of September, a scene more than usually disgraceful occurred in Congress.—There was a discussion concerning an appropriation for the salary of a *Charge* at Naples. Wise, of Virginia, and Stanley of North Carolina, were both in favor of it; but the latter referred to opinions expressed by Mr. Wise, last winter in connection with appropriation for the same service at Mexico, and thereby seemed to charge him with inconsistency. The Virginian called this allusion, mean and contemptible. The Carolinian replied, that the gentleman had, on many occasions, shown himself mean and contemptible. While other members were debating the question before the House, Wise went to Stanley's seat, and after a few moment's conversation, there was a general rush and scuffle, putting a stop to all business. All efforts of the speaker, and calls to order were utterly unavailing. In the general confusion, Butler, of Kentucky, and Arnold, of Tennessee, were seen in the midst of a fierce fight, which those around vainly endeavored to restrain.

When the noise subsided a little, Mr. Wise acknowledged he had violated the rules of the House, and asked pardon. He said he went to expostulate with the gentleman from North Carolina, but exasperated by an epithet applied to him, he had, in a moment of excitement, struck him. He was willing to submit to any punishment under the rules of the House.

Mr. Stanley said, the gentleman from Virginia did not come to expostulate, but to dictate and warn. Mr. Wise called him contemptible, and in return he called Mr. Wise a liar. That Mr. Wise had attempted to strike him, but did not succeed; and that if the House had not interferred, he would have given the gentleman even a severer flogging than he deserved. He did not ask pardon of the House, but if he had violated its rules, he was ready to submit to its punishment.

A committee of seven were appointed to inquire into the case, and report what punishment was deemed proper.

Mr. Irwin, of Pa. moved that the Committee also in quire how many other assaults had been made on the floor within the last thirty minutes. He had seen several. The amendment was not in order.

☞ DISSOLUTION OF THE CABINET.—On Friday, Messrs. EWING, BELL, BADGER and CRITTENDEN tendered to the President the resignation of their offices as Secretaries of the Treasury, War, Navy and Attorney General, respectively. These resignations were accepted, and on Saturday President Tyler nominated to the Senate the following as their successors, viz:

WALTER FORWARD (Whig) of Pa., Secretary of the Treasury; JOHN MCLEAN (State Rights) of Ohio, Secretary of War; A. P. UPSHUR (State Rights) of Va. Secretary of the Navy; HUGH S. LEGARE (Conservative) of South Carolina, Attorney General.

Mr. GRANGER, on Saturday, tendered his resignation as Postmaster General, which was also accepted. CHARLES A. WICKLIFFE, of Kentucky, will probably be nominated to succeed him.

Mr. WEBSTER remains at the head of the State Department—for the present, at least. We understand that many members of Congress—among them JOHN QUINCY ADAMS—have represented to him that his abandonment of that post at this time, in view of the critical and ominous condition of our Foreign Relations, would be a perilous dereliction from duty, and must not be thought of. He is the only member of Gen. Harrison's Cabinet remaining.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

After much debate on the Report of the Committee appointed to examine into the conduct of Wise and Stanley, the report was recommitted, with instructions to report that the Hon. Henry A. Wise, having assailed Hon. Edward Stanley, and having made full confession thereof, all further proceedings be dispensed with. This was carried, by a vote of 104 to 36.

The sentiment of the House was universally against Mr. Wise, as the aggressor. He made full acknowledgment, and said he was willing to be tried by any of the members, except the gentleman from Massachusetts.

Mr. Adams disclaimed all enmity to Mr. Wise, and furthermore declared that he should vote no censure on him.

SECOND VETO.—The Fiscal Exchange Bank Bill has been returned without the President's signature. He states that the provisions of the new Bill are not such as to obviate his constitutional objections, expressed in the former Veto. The following extracts from his message explain the principal points:

"1st. It may justify substantially a system of discounts of the most objectionable character. It is to deal in bills of exchange drawn in one State and payable in another, without restraint. The bill of exchange may have an unlimited term to run, and its renewability is no where guarded against. It may, in fact, assume the most objectionable form of accommodation. It is not required to rest on any actual, real or substantial exchange basis. A drawer in one place becomes the acceptor in another, and so in turn the acceptor may become the drawer upon a mutual understanding. It may at the same time indulge in mere local discounts, under the name of bills of exchange. A bill drawn at Philadelphia on Camden, New Jersey—at New-York on a border town in New Jersey—at Cincinnati on Newport, Kentucky, not to multiply other examples, might for anything in this bill to restrain it, become a mere matter of local accommodation. Cities thus relatively situated would possess advantages over cities otherwise situated of so decided a character as most justly to excite dissatisfaction.

2d. There is no limit prescribed to the premium in the purchase of bills of exchange, thereby correcting none of the evils under which the community now labors, and operating most injuriously upon the agricultural States, in which the inequalities in the rates of exchange are more severely felt. Nor are these the only consequences: a resumption of specie payments by the banks of those States would be liable to indefinite postponement—for, as the operations of the agencies of the interior would chiefly consist in selling bills of exchange, and the purchase could only be made in specie or the notes of banks paying specie, the State banks would either have to continue with their doors closed, or exist at the mercy of this national monopoly of brokerage. Nor can it be passed over without remark, that, while the District of Columbia is made the seat of the principal bank, its citizens are excluded from all participation is any benefit it might afford, by a positive prohibition on the bank from all discounting within the District.

These are some of the objections which prominently exists against the details of the bill. Others might be urged of much force—but it would be unprofitable to dwell upon them. Suffice it to add, that this charter is designed to continue for twenty years without a competitor—that the defects to which I have alluded, being founded in the fundamental law of the Corporation, are irrevocable—and that if the objections be well founded it would be over hazardous to pass the bill into a law."

The tone of the message indicates a desire for harmony and conciliation, and gives ground to hope that some definite and satisfactory plan of National Finance, may be brought before Congress, next session.

MCLEOD.—Mr. Ferris offered a resolution directing the Committee on Foreign Affairs to inquire into the propriety of entering into a negotiation with the British government for the release of our citizens imprisoned on Van Dieman's Land, and made an earnest speech in support of his motion.

J. Q. Adams, in the course of reply, remarked that:—

By the last news received, it appeared that the British Government had ordered fifteen ships of the line to cruise along our coast, and give their *opinion* with regard to Canadian patriotism, and of the right of the State of New-York to hang McLeod. While the question was being agitated between the Government of the United States and that of New-York, as to the exercise of each other's power in order to save that man from destruction by a popular patriotism, this time had been chosen to call upon the President of the United States to negotiate with the British Government, in behalf of those unfortunate persons who had violated alike the laws of the country which they had invaded, and those of the country from which they went. Now, it did appear to him that there should be some sort of consistency in the course of proceeding on the part of this House. When we were asking Great Britain to forget all these *little trespasses* upon their laws, their Constitution, their Government; to forget the crime of treason, for which these men, according to their laws, had been tried and transported—transported by the mercy of the Government—transported, instead of being hanged, drawn, and quartered, as they had exposed themselves to be by the course of their patriotism: Mr. A would say that, if we were to ask the President to negotiate with Great Britain on behalf of these people for more mercy, for entire forgiveness, and that they might return to their homes, it would be as well first to say what was going to be done with McLeod. There were two sides to this question; and before we undertook to interfere with the British Government, in order to countenance and force an insurrection against them, by obtaining the immunity of our citizens from the punishment to which their conduct had subjected them, it would be as well to ascertain who they were, and what they were, and the circumstances under which they were now in Van Dieman's Land.

What justification they had given not only to the Canadian Government, but to this, our own Government, for exposing, as they did, this nation to a war on account of their conduct; whether there was any thing to show that they were entitled to that sort of commiseration; for we must go as suppliants in this case, whatever we might do in that of McLeod. We must go with a sense of the justice of the sentence by which they were transported. We could not assume an authoritative tone in such a case as this. He knew of one American citizen, a native of New Hampshire, who was engaged in that insurrection, and he (Mr. A.) recollected having signed a paper of entreaty to the British Government that his life might be spared. He was a young man, and perhaps was impelled to engage in the insurrection by bad council, though probably having good intentions. He was tried and convicted, and sentenced to execution, but his sentence was commuted to transportation; and he (Mr. A.) did not know but what this person might be now at Van Dieman's land.

In order to place in its proper point of view the position in which the President would be placed with the British Government, in undertaking that which was recommended to him, he (Mr. A.) would suppose an insurrection of slaves in this country, and in consequence of that insurrection being suppressed and the transportation of those slaves to a foreign country—what would you say, what would southern gentlemen say, if the British Queen should send a minister here, and ask us to release and receive back those slaves who should have incurred the forfeiture of their lives, and been transported afterwards, by way of commutation, of mercy? He would ask southern gentlemen what they would think of a foreign interposition of that kind in favor of those slaves—to restore to them all the rights which they had forfeited, whatever they might be? It appeared to him that the British Government might, with just as much propriety, interpose in this case as we could in the other; for, most assuredly, in the estimation of all impartial persons, if those people in Canada were fighting for their own rights and liberty, an insurrection of slaves could not be regarded in any other light. Indeed, it would be a much more proper interposition by one Government with another, than an insurrection in Canada."

Mr. Holmes, of South Carolina, sharply rebuked Mr. Adams for introducing the subject of slavery into every debate.

Mr. Adams is clearly of opinion, that England *is right* in demanding the surrender of McLeod; though wrong on the North Eastern Boundary question.

☞ Edward Everett's nomination is confirmed. Congress has adjourned.

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the week ending 9th mo. (Sept.) 14.

For the Standard.—The following persons have each paid $2:—(The first four names were omitted in the last week's report.)—Wm. Coe, E. Scarborough, J. B. Whitcomb, Mary A. Collins, Brooklyn, Mass.; Nathaniel A. Borden, New-York city; Joseph Lukens, Wilmington, Clinton county, Ohio; George L. Lerow, Poughkeepsie; Gideon Davis, Quaker Springs, Saratoga county, N. Y.; Charles L. Fisk, Chaplin, Ct.; Joseph C. Martin, Chaplin, Ct.; Nancy Robinson, Dover, N. H.; Lydia Ann Wood, Mt. Pleasant, Ohio; David Dutton, Harrisville, Harrison county, Ohio; David Schoffield, Salem, Columbiana county, Ohio; John S. Mann, Caudersport, Potter county, Pa.; Milton Marsh, East Bethlehem, Washington county, Pa.; Samuel McKeehan, West Alexandria, Washington county, Pa.; James Judkins, Byesville, Gurnsey county, Ohio; James Brooks, Mt. Pleasant, Jefferson county, Ohio; Thompson Anti-Slavery Society, West Chester, Chester county, Pa.; Joseph H. Doane, Norwich, Ct.; John C. Ferguson, North Castle, West Chester county, N. Y.; Sarah Carter, Northampton, Mass.

Nicholas Durfee, East Killingly, Ct., $3; John Prior, John Searing, Wm. Green, Elias Doty, E. L. Wanzer, Greenfield Iden, of Poplar Ridge, N. Y., each $1 25; James Cooper, for sundry subscribers at Williamson, N. Y., $10; of Abby Kelly, for sundry subscribers at Millville, Mass., $25; David Ray, Chatham, N. Y., $1 00; Benjamin Cheever, Portsmouth, N. H., $10; Richard Plumer, Newburyport, Mass., $26 25; Thomas Robinson, Summon, Fulton county, Ohio, $1; S. R. Johnson, Philadelphia, $1.—Total, $130 75.

Donations.—Individuals at Newburyport, Massachusetts, $9.

THE ONE DOLLAR PLAN.

The following was passed unanimously at the late anniversary:

Resolved, That every friend of the American Anti-Slavery Society be earnestly recommended to pay into the Treasury of the Society, during the present year, a sum not less than ONE DOLLAR; that every auxiliary Society be advised to urge this recommendation upon the friends of the cause in its vicinity; and that the Executive Committee be requested to publish weekly in the Standard an account of the moneys that may be received into the treasury under this proposition.

In compliance with this resolution, we shall set apart a corner of the paper for the acknowledgment of these ONE DOLLAR RECEIPTS, distinct from the Treasurer's usual account. We trust our friends were in earnest, when they voted for this resolution, and that they will not forget the obligation it imposes upon them. Those who give larger sums will still do well to add this small donation to the list. It is very important that the Society should have some *certain* data to go upon, as a basis for pecuniary arrangements.

PAYMENT RECEIVED.

Amount previously acknowledged,			$564 00
565	C. P. Walton, Abington, Pa.		1 00
566	S. W. Graves, Wilmington, Del.		1 00
567	E. A. Fussell, Philadelphia,		1 00
568	A Friend, West Chester, Pa.		1 00
569	Nathaniel A. Borden, New-York City,		1 00
570	Nicholas A. Durfee, East Killingly, Ct.		2 00
571	Betsy S. Durfee,	" "	1 00
572	William Ashby, Newburyport, Mass.		1 00
573	Richard Plumer,	" "	1 00
574	Henry Moody,	" "	1 00
575	N. D. Plumer,	" "	1 00
576	Elder Daniel P. Pike,	" "	1 00
577	Atkinson Stanwood,	" "	1 00
578	Charles Butler,	" "	1 00
579	Benjamin Saunders,	" "	1 00
580	Mary Plumer,	" "	1 00
581	Mary Briggs,	" "	1 00
582	Eliza Ann Stanwood,	" "	1 00
583	Jacob Mellersack, Leesville, Carroll County, Ohio,		1 00
584	James Barnaby, Mt. Pleasant, Jefferson County, Ohio,		1 00
585	Levi Hambleton	" "	1 00
586	Theodorick Hoge	" "	1 00
587	Wm. J. Townsend,	" "	1 00
588	John W. Watkins	" "	1 00
589	Mrs. E. Watkins	" "	1 00
590	Rebecca Updegraff,	" "	1 00
591	David Updegraff,	" "	1 00
592	Isaac Steer,	" "	1 00
593	Lee Barnaby,	" "	1 00
594	John Alexander,	" "	1 00
595	Lydia Ann Wood,	" "	1 00
596	Jesse Lloyd,	" "	1 00
597	Lemuel Jones,	" "	1 00
598	James Brooks,	" "	1 00

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

Tremendous Mob at Cincinnati!—We condense the following account from various papers; principally from the Cincinnati Gazette. "From 8 o'clock Friday evening, until 3 o'clock Sunday morning, Sept. 5th, Cincinnati was entirely in the power of a lawless mob, varying in number from two to fifteen hundred. On the Tuesday preceding this onset, a quarrel took place between some Irishmen and negroes, blows were exchanged, and two or three of each party wounded. On Wednesday night the quarrel was renewed; and at midnight, a party of violent men armed with clubs, proceeded to attack a negro boarding-house, demanding the surrender of a slave, who they said had concealed himself there. The adjoining houses were occupied by colored people, and in expectation of an attack, they had unfortunately armed themselves. The violence increased, accompanied with fierce denunciations against negroes in general; and the resistance increased. Guns and pistols were discharged from the houses upon the mob. Through the whole of this uproar, there was no report to the police, no arrest, and the mayor remained entirely ignorant of it, until he was casually informed, late in the day. A watchman appeared on the ground about three quarters of an hour after some gentlemen of the neighborhood had succeeded in restoring temporary quiet. Various lawless outbreaks took place during Thursday and Friday. The colored people heard that the houses in their quarter were to be indiscriminately attacked; and they generally armed themselves for defence; this, of course, increased the excitement. No measures were taken by the police, meantime, to preserve the peace of the city.

Before 8 o'clock, Friday evening, a mob collected which had been organized in Kentucky, and largely composed of her citizens. It was led on by persons from Kentucky, who declared that they had been sent for, and that hundreds of others were organized and ready to come, to rid the city of negroes and abolitionists. The editor of the Gazette says, he heard one of these, a respectable-looking man, shouting to the mob to "Put down the Mayor!" This furious host increased as they went, filling the air with horrid yells and imprecations. They first demolished the doors and windows of a confectionary store, kept by a colored man.—J. W. Platt strove to restore order, by urging the necessity of obedience to the laws, for the common protection of the city. But his voice was drowned by shouts, and the throwing of stones. The Mayor, attempting to address them, was received with the same savage yells.—The Ohio editors are of opinion that the mob was mainly composed of strangers. "Some were said to be connected with the river navigation, strongly backed by boat hands, of the lowest and most violent order." The negroes, goaded to intense excitement, fired into the crowd. The mob scattered, but rallied again with redoubled rage; and were again repulsed. This continued until past 1 o'clock; when, contrary to the exhortations of the mayor and others, an iron six pounder was posted on Broadway, and pointed down Sixth-st. Many of the negroes fled to the hills. The mob proceeded to demolish houses, and the cannon was several times discharged. About 2 o'clock, a portion of the military succeeded in bringing the scene of battle under martial law; keeping the negroes within their enclosure, and the mob at bay.

On Saturday morning a meeting of citizens was held at the Court House, addressed by the Mayor, Judge Read, Sheriff Avery, &c. They resolved to observe the law, to discountenance mobs, to exert themselves in aid of the civil authority to arrest and place within reach of the law the negroes who wounded two white boys. That the township trustees enforce the law of 1807, requiring security of negroes—pledging themselves to enforce it to the letter, until the city "is relieved of the effects of modern abolitionism," assuring "our southern brethren," to carry out that "good faith"—and to deliver "up, under the law of Congress, forthwith," every negro who escapes from his master and comes within the borders. They requested the mayor, sheriff, and the civil authorities, to proceed at once to the dwellings of the blacks and disarm them of all offensive weapons—and recommending search for offenders against the laws, immediate proceedings against them, and an efficient patrol to protect the persons and property of the blacks, during the existence of the present excitement and until they give the bonds required by the act of 1807 to leave the city. They "*Resolved*, That we view with abhorrence the proceedings of the abolitionists in our city, and that we repudiate their doctrines, and believe it to be the duty of every good citizen by all lawful means, to discountenance every man who lends them his assistance. Intense excitement continued during the whole day, the mob boldly occupying the streets, without any effort to arrest them.

The negroes held a meeting, and respectfully assured the mayor and the citizens that they would use every effort to conduct as orderly, industrious and peaceable people, and to suppress any imprudent conduct among their population, and to ferret out all violations of order and law—deprecated the practice of carrying about their persons any dangerous weapon, pledged themselves not to carry or keep any about their persons or houses, and expressed their readiness to surrender all such. They expressed their readiness to conform to the law of 1807, and give bond, or to leave within a specified time—and tendered their thanks to the mayor, watch, officers, and gentlemen of the city, for the efforts made to save their property, their lives, their wives and children.

It was deemed best to embody the male negroes, and march them to jail under guard of the civil and military authorities, who were followed by a dense mass of men and boys, screaming and yelling. This was done as the most efficient mode of defending them from popular violence. A promise was given that their houses, wives and children should be protected; but the mob returned with hellish shouts, and demolished the houses they had left unguarded. They then proceeded to the printing establishment of the Philanthropist, broke up the press, carried it through Main-street, with deafening yells, and threw it into the river. The military interrupted them for awhile; but escaping through by-ways, they returned to the printing office, and completed their work of destruction. They then assailed the house of Mr. Burnet, lately fined for harboring a runaway slave, and left nothing but the bare walls standing. They demolished a church belonging to the colored people, and did great injury to two or three other churches, some of whose members were accused of being abolitionists; the complete destruction of these churches was prevented only by the strenuous exertions of the military and police.

On Sunday, about daylight, they dispersed from mere exhaustion. The number killed is not ascertained. Thirty, or more, are wounded; though but few dangerously. A large number of the rioters are in jail."

The papers, as usual, call this an "Abolition Mob;" though it would be difficult to tell what the abolitionists had to do with it, except having their lives endangered, and their property destroyed. That the excitement against the colored population has been increasing in Ohio of late, is a plain fact; nor do we deny that *historically* it is connected with abolition. If the press would speak correctly, (which is the last thing it aims to do, on this subject,) they should call it "*The Common Law Mob!*" For all this excitement arises from the fact that Kentuckians are in a furious rage with the Judiciary of Ohio, for doing what they could not help; i. e. deciding, according to the maxims of Common Law, in the absence of special enactments to the contrary, that slaves brought into Ohio become free under her jurisdiction. We advise the South to buy up all copies of the Common Law, and have them burnt in front of the Capitol, at Washington, by some hangmen; an office, by the way, which most of her patriotic citizens have learned to fill adroitly, upon *extempore* occasions.

The citizens of Cincinnati, by the infamous resolutions they have passed, have done their best to encourage the Kentuckians to another onset; and others they will doubtless have, before this Border warfare ceases.

McLeod.—Great excitement prevails both in this country and in England, with regard to this individual. The English Tory papers are very threatening in their tone. The reading of American newspapers, has inspired them with very little confidence, either in our courts or juries. They believe McLeod innocent, yet fear that if he is tried, he will be convicted and hanged; and if acquitted, that he will be lynched. These fears are not without foundation. Along our Northern frontier are many violent and unprincipled men, who would like nothing better than to foment a war with England. McLeod has received frequent warnings against both open and secret violence. The sheriff and judge of Oneida County, recently received information of a plot to capture the prisoner; at the same time it was discovered that arsenals had been robbed of their cannon, and a large quantity of powder concealed at Syracuse. In consequence of this, Gov. Seward visited that place, and authroized an effective organization of troops and citizens, to patrol by by night, and be in readiness at a moment's alarm.

Some of the London papers have published that he is in a dungeon, laden with heavy irons. In reply to this, The Friend of Man, says:

"McLeod is now in jail, not a hundred rods from our office in the quiet village of Whitesboro. And we can assure the London journal that so far from being in heavy irons, he is not even confined to the jail rooms. He spends most of his time, and receives company, in the parlor of the jailor's house. On almost any pleasant morning he may be seen enjoying himself in a promenade upon the garden walk. Indeed, he is spending his time, among us as one of our first 'gentleman of leisure.'"

The trial of McLeod will come up at Utica, before the State Court of Oyer and Terminer, which opens on Monday, the 27th inst., Chief Justice Neilson (of this State) presiding. Willis Hall, the State Attorney General, conducts the prosecution, and Joshua Spencer, the United States Attorney General for the Western District, appears for the prisoner.

It is now generally believed, on both sides of the Atlantic, that his constant affirmation is true—that he was not present at the burning of the Caroline, and had no connection with the murder of Durfee; but the frontier country is in such an inflammable state, that it is impossible to conjecture how many perjured witnesses will be brought on the stand, or to what they may be induced to swear.

The question is a very serious one; for its issue unquestionably involves a war with Great Britain. It is reported on good authority that Mr. Fox, the British minister, has received instructions to demand the release of Alexander McLeod, and if this is not complied with, to demand his own passports and return home immediately.

There is likewise a floating rumor that fifteen British ships of war are to be sent to our coast to be ready for emergencies.

North Eastern Boundary.—The United States Commissioners have been making an *ex parte* survey of the United States Boundary line. This circumstance has given rise to various reports. It was said that the new line took into the State of Maine some entire British farms, and that others would lose 50 and 100 acres by the process. But this survey *settles nothing*, and is not so intended. The Commissioner, J. D. Graham, has addressed the Department of State, for the purpose of correcting erroneous statements in the public prints. He says that both himself and his officers have generally met with civil treatment from the British subjects residing near the line, and that no excitement has at any time arisen from their proceedings. It is not true that the principal stations are marked 'U. S. Boundary Line' as has been stated, but 'U. S. *Ex Parte* Survey,' with the date affixed. The question of jurisdiction has been in no wise interfered with, but the operations of the party have been strictly confined to the objects pointed out in the instruction of the Department.

Outrageous Proceedings at Kaskaskia, Illinois.—The Western papers bring an account of an outrage committed recently at Kaskaskia, Ill., the country seat of Randolph. On the night of the 12th ult., the house of Mr. Whitehead, a lawyer from St. Louis, was attacked by a disguised party, who assaulted the place with stones, which broke the windows, and some struck Mrs. W., and came near killing an infant on the bed. They burst in, and were on the point of seizing Mr. W. when some neighbors came to his assistance, and the party fled.—Some of the lawless band were recognized, and six bills of indictment found for burglary and intent to kill. The party, however, were not intimidated, but went to court; and when it adjourned, as Mr. W. was coming out with Judge Breese, they seized upon him, and under the eye of the Judge himself, they beat, knocked down, kicked, and trampled upon their victim, until some citizens interfered and rescued him. The cause of this outrage and violence proceeded from the fact that Mr. W. was attending Court, in his character of attorney, in a suit brought for a colored man, who claims to have a legal right to be free; and some persons of Kaskaskia apprehended that if the suit progressed, some of their colored people, held as slaves since the expiration of the time, and against legal right, might also sue for and recover their freedom.

Good News.—It is calculated that 10,000,000 of bushels of grain less has been converted into malt for distillation, &c., this year than there was last year, owing to the temperance reform in the U. S. So much gained for health, plenty and domestic happiness.

The Lost of the Erie.—Upwards of thirty bodies have been picked up and carried into Buffalo for burial. There has likewise been a considerable amount of money, jewelry, &c. recovered; all of which is in possession of the coroner at Buffalo, where it awaits the friends of the dead.

Sedition.—Phil, a slave of Dr. Gantt, of Alabama, was tried a few days since in Attakapas, for using seditious language to negroes, and found guilty. The punishment is death, but the jury recommended the Governor to commute the sentence to hard labor for life.—*N. Orleans Bee.*

Benjamin Lett.—This man who was sentenced to the State Prison for being concerned in burning the steamer, Sir Robert Peel, and who made his escape from the sheriff, has lately been re-taken on board the Daniel Webster. He was armed with pistols, dirk, &c. but had not time to seize them. He was betrayed by one of his associates, tempted by Gov. Seward's offer of nine hundred dollars reward.

Southern Chivalry.—Signor E. Alvear, son of the minister of the Argentine Republic, was taking refreshments with some of his friends, at Niblo's Garden in New-York, when Mr. Suydam of Georgia, came up behind him and gave him two desperate thrusts with a large bowie knife, gashing his face in a most shocking manner, severing an artery, and cutting his lip, so that it hung completely down. The assailant said he meant to have killed him, and should have done so in Broadway, the day before, had he not been walking with a lady. The charge was that he had made a profession of love to Mrs. Suydam, while she was on a visit to the Astor House; and he had come back all the way from the South to revenge it. It turned out a mistake. Signor Alvear was not the individual.

Worthy of Praise and Imitation.—The House Carpenters of New-York,

Poetry.

JEANIE MORRISON.

The following lines, by MOTHERWELL, are replete with tenderness and beauty.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way,
But never, never can forget
The luve of life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane, e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule—
But blacker fa' awaits the heart,
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Shall fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine
As mem'ry idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' lang syne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time—twa bairns at schule,
Twa bairns, wi' but ane heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae leigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remember'd ever mair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
What our wee heads could think?
When both bent down ower ae bright page,
Wi' Buik upou our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
Our cheeks bent red wi' shamé,
Whene'er the schule-weans, laughin' said,
We cleek'd thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The schule then skail't at noon,)
When aff we ran to speel the braes—
The broomy braes of June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' schule time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! oh! mornin' luve!
Oh, lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts,
Like simmer blossoms, sprang!

O, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its water croon:
The simmer leaves hung o'er our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wud,
The throssil whusslit sweet.

The throssil whusslit in the wud;
The burn sung to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart and tune,
Concerted harmonies:
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat!

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trickled down your cheek,
Like dew-drops on a rose, yet nane
Had oony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gush'd all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled, unsung.

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts,
As ye hae been to me?
Oh! tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine;
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' lang syne?

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
I've borne a weary lot:
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst from this heart,
Still travels on its way;
[illegible]
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sinder'd young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dream'd
O' bygane days and me!

Miscellany.

JONATHAN JEFFERSON WHITLAW:

OR

LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It will be easily believed that Mr. Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw sat down to Mrs. Bennet's *table d'hote* in a very agreeable state of mind. He had, in truth, opened his campaign well. Fifteen hundred dollars made by a single game of billiards, and that quite a casual one, may appear to sober-minded Europeans as an exaggeration of probabilities, too violent to be safely inserted in a narative professing to paint existing manners; but any sceptic may be easily cured of his doubts, by making a very few inquiries, either at the scene of action, or of those who are well acquainted with it. As to Whitlaw he thought the transaction so far from being anything at all uncommon—(and yet his early experience had been confined wholly to those miniature imitations of New-Orleans, to be found at Natchez)—that he resolved, as the thing seemed likely to answer so well, to sacrifice some of the lighter pleasures he had promised himself, for the sake of pursuing it systematically. He had fully intended to pass this, his first evening, amidst the unceremonious gaiety of a quadroon ball; but as he ate his pepper soup, and then refreshed his pallet with free libations of Mrs. Bennet's admirable Madeira, he reasoned upon the heavy loss that might ensue from such a sacrifice of time to idle pleasure.

Nevertheless, the temptation was great. He had heard so much of the splendor of these entertainments, and the exceeding grace and beauty displayed at them, that he still wavered; till at length, his fancy being stimulated, perhaps by the inspiring wine, he determined to indulge himself in gazing upon the fair assemblage for an hour, and then pass the rest of the night, as in duty bound in useful business.

Before retiring for the purpose of making his toilet, he indulged in smoking a couple of cigars, accompanied by a due proportion of whiskey punch; and then feeling himself a little overcome by his voyage, his billiards, and his dinner, he threw his legs comfortably upon the chimney-piece, and fell fast asleep.

How long he rested thus, is uncertain; but when he waked, the two very gentleman-like men who had shared his punch, had departed, and the lamps were burning dim, as the oil which fed them was nearly exhausted. He started up, and looking at his watch, saw with extreme astonishment that he had slept two hours. It was now past nine, and he hastily approached the bell to ring for a chamber-candle, when the sight of his own pocket-book, lying open upon the carpet, arrested his eyes and his steps. With a beating heart he stooped to seize it. He remembered, with an instantaneous gleam of satisfaction, that his person had been thrown, during his nap, into an attitude as nearly *topsy turvy* as possible, and he felt that it was likely enough that the pocket-book might have fallen out; but the moment his hand touched it, all soft, delusive hope fled forever—his bank notes were gone!

Rage and despair seized upon his heart, and divided it between them. He rang the bell so furiously, that two negroes and one yellow man entered the large dining-room, by three different doors, to know his pleasure.

"Where is your mistress?" he thundered out; "Where is the woman that keeps this den of thieves? Call her to me—bring her to me, this instant, or I'll burn the last atom of wool from your beastly scalps before I sleep!"

The three slaves retired by the three several doors, as he spoke.

In as short a time as it was possible for her to enter from the drawing-room, the gentle, civil Mrs. Bennet stood before him.

Whitlaw's eyes rolled fearfully in his head, and he actually foamed at the mouth, as he attempted to make her understand the wrong that had been done him.

"I beg your pardon sir," she said, in the very softest voice imaginable, "but I really cannot understand what it is you say."

"Say!" roared the bereaved young man, in accents of genuine agony; "but you shall know, and feel it, if you cannot hear. I have been robbed, woman! robbed of two thousand dollars, since I entered this room!"

"Very extraordinary indeed," observed Mrs. Benet, without in the slightest degree deviating from her usual sweet tone. "Pray, how did it happen, sir?"

"It is you that must tell me that, madam: and so you shall, if there be law in the State. It is you must tell who those fellows are, with the large red whiskers—both of them; they had both of them red whiskers."

"The two gentlemen with red whiskers, sir?—Oh, dear! there will not be the least difficulty in the world in telling that, without troubling the State about it, in the least. The tallest is General Hollingsworth; and the youngest and shortest, is Major Tomlinson."

"Let them call themselves what they choose, madam, they have robbed me of two thousand dollars; and they must give account of it, either in public or in private."

"Oh, dear! sir, the gentlemen are both of them perfectly well known in New Orleans. They are of the very highest standing, and would, I am sure, be happy to answer, to any body of their own station, any question that could be asked either in private or public."

"It will be long enough, I can tell you, before I shall be of their station, which is just neither more nor less than thieves and pickpockets. I went to sleep in this here room with two thousand dollars in notes; and now I am waked up, I find them all goue; and my pocket-book, with all my letters, left lying on the floor. Them two red-whiskered men were in the room when I dropped asleep, and now they are gone, as well as my notes; and how can I think any thing else but that they have robbed me?"

"You must think, of course, sir, just whatever you happen to please," replied Mrs. Bennet, without for an instant appearing to lose the beautiful placidity of her temper; "but when gentlemen that are not over-much known in the town, accuse those that are, of robbery and felony, and I know not what besides, it is very likely, I think, that the accusation will not be greatly attended to." And, so saying, the well-dressed, graceful lady of the house made a curtsey and departed.

The unfortunate Whitlaw remained in a state of the most complete discomfiture. Mrs. Bennet's very cool way of receiving the intelligence of his loss convinced him that there was little or no hope of recovering it. Whether her indifference proceeded from the frequency of such occurrences among the fashionable society of New-Orleans, or that the two persons he had accused, were really beyond and above all suspicion, he was at a loss to decide.—After meditating on the subject, in very moody solitude, for a long hour, he determined upon inquiring for the nearest magistrate, laying a formal statement of the facts before him, and insisting upon it that the two individuals, upon whom his suspicions rested, should be summoned to answer to the accusation.

It was now some hours too late for such an application, and he must therefore wait with what patience he could, for to-morrow. Meanwhile, the unfortunate young man felt that his state of mind no longer fitted him for the enjoyment of the brilliant scene which the ball-room was likely to exhibit; neither had he at that moment energy to enter upon any sharp encounter of wit with the respectable personage who had invited him to an appointment at the billiard table in the evening. So, after taking a few hurried turns about the room, he again rang the bell for a candle and a glass of brandy; and thus enlightened and sustained, he retired to his room and his bed, and spent a feverish and most miserable night in thinking of his loss while awake, and in dreaming of it when, for a few short moments, he was happy enough to fall asleep.

He rose early, and, to avoid meeting the suspected thieves or their complaisant landlady, repaired to a coffee house for his breakfast.

As soon as it was possible to present himself before a magistrate, he waited upon Squire Grampton, and having very clearly stated the case, desired that the two suspected persons should immediately be summoned before him, to undergo an examination.

Squire Grampton heard him very quietly to the end, and then said, placing both his legs on the table before him, and cleaning his nails with a penknife,—

"Pray, young man, what may your name be?"

"Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw, sir."

"And where do you come from?"

"From Paradise Plantation, near Natchez, sir."

"Is Paradise Plantation you own property?"

"No, sir, it is not, as yet; but it may be one day."

"Oh! and you brought two thousand dollars with you to New Orleans."

"I don't expect it's necessary for me to certify how much I brought with me to New Orleans.—What I am ready to swear to, is, that I went to sleep in Mrs. Bennet's drawing-room with two thousand dollars in notes, last night, in my pocket-book—that the only people in the room with me were Gen. Hollingsworth, and Major Tomlinson——and that when I waked, my pocket-book was on the floor and my notes gone.

Squire Grampton was reckoned a remarkably good-natured man, and he now proved his just claim to the reputation by laughing heartily.

"And so, my good fellow, you calculate upon having General Hollingsworth, who is no less a man than Surveyor General of the Alabama Territory, and Major Tomlinson, one of the largest slaveholders in the State,—you really calculate upon having them hauled over the coals, because you went to sleep and lost your money?—ha! ha! ha! ha!—that's fun, at any rate. Now, my raw one, shall I give you a bit of advice that may chance to be useful? Hold your money fast when you've got it; and when you lose it, never accuse a rich man of being the thief—at least not in New Orleans—for it won't answer. And so, young man, I wish you a very good morning."

The good-natured man's look was too decided and peremptory, that the unhappy Whitlaw saw there was nothing left save to submit. But he went forth from the magistrate's house swearing vengeance, not so much against him, or even the thieves who had stolen his treasure, as against the whole human race; and binding himself in body and soul to prey upon the enemy wherever he should meet them, till his loss, and all the suffering it had cost him, should be atoned for a thousand-fold.

In order the better to arrange the plan of operations, by which this resolution should be put in practice, Whitlaw, on quitting the house of Squire Grampton, strode away towards the Levee; and for two hours solaced himself with a walk beside the father of waters, during which he reasoned, with all his natural acuteness, and acquired wisdom, upon the nature of his actual position, and the uses to which it might be applied.

He remembered with some satisfaction, though assuredly it was accompanied with a sharp pang, that he still had one hundred silver dollars in his bag. This was the sum he had coaxed out of his father, and it now constituted his entire capital.

How best could he multiply this a hundred fold? The proposed partnership offered by the *clumsy player* again occurred to him. At first he had not felt greatly disposed to listen to it, because it appeared to him evident that he was himself the sharper rogue of the two. It was certain, indeed, that his quick eye had detected the latent skill of his proposed associate, even in the manner by which he lost his game; while he, on the contrary, had been completely deluded by Whitlaw's well-acted assumption of rustic simplicity. Nevertheless his after byplay, when he proposed that Whitlaw's notes of hand should be taken, was by no means contemptible; not to mention that the very act in which he had detected him, of throwing dust in the eyes of the honest Kentuckian, said much in favor of his being admitted to the friendship he solicited.

But the argument which decided the question was the reduced state of Whitlaw's finances. "How, in God's name," he muttered, with closed teeth, as he proceeded at an accelerated pace on his return to the town,—"how am I to do business on a large scale, with this pitiful cash in my pocket for a capital?—No, I must begin with this fellow any how; whatever I may do with him after."

Nothing that had hitherto passed between them had given any hint to Whitlaw whether this personage, whom he now greatly desired to see, made part of the establishment he had visited yesterday, or was, like himself, only a visitor there. In either case, it was there only that he could seek him, and thither he accordingly repaired. It was still early; the field of combat was however swept and prepared for action,—the windows were duly opened to ventilate the chamber, the blinds skilfully arranged to give equal shade and equal light to all parts of the table, the marker was in his place, and every thing ready to begin the labors of the day. But, though two or three sporting looking characters were already in the room, and one of them beguiling the tedious moments of expectation by practising caroms and hazards that to ordinary eyes appeared impossible, no business was yet going forward.

The entrance of Whitlaw occasioned some sensation. He still wore the sort of youthful, curious, stranger-seeming look he had assumed the day before; and one of the loungers addressed him civilly, with—

"Would you like to play a game, sir?"

It is said that a man may serve a good apprenticeship at Natchez for any trade practised at New-Orleans; and Whitlaw proved the truth of this, by answering—

"No sir, thank you, not now; because I've got business to do with one as I expect to meet here."

In no country of the world do hawks willingly set about picking out hawks' eyes; and our hero had no more inclination to make a trial of skill with this man, than he would with Whitlaw, had he known him.

Having looked at every individual present, and satisfied himself that the person he sought was not among them, Whitlaw left the room and descended the stairs; but ere he reached the door of the house, the *clumsy player* appeared issuing from a side-door into the passage. Their eyes met, and the stranger stepped forward to meet him.

"So! good day, sir. Would you like a glass this morning? If you'd please to walk this way, I expect we might be convenient for a few minutes' talk."

Whitlaw nodded in token of assent, and followed him in silence to a small room at the back of the building. It appeared expressly fitted up for *tete-a-tete* consultations like the present; for it held one little table, on which were placed two glasses, and a decanter of whiskey between them, flanked by two chairs and a spittoon.

"You come over that chap handsome, yesterday," said Whitlaw's new acquaintance, seating himself on one of the chairs, and pointing out the other to him. "'Tis seldom as I'm caught; but I'll be d—d if I did'nt take you for a green one."

"You weren't that slow, neither, at last," replied Whitlaw, laughing. "I expect you found me out as soon as I handled the tools?"

"Did I?—I calculate so. But 'tis few would have been so fine as you was over my play. There's lots of first-rate hands, that if they hadn't known me, would have watched me play that game, and never stumped me as you did."

These mutual compliments naturally paved the way for very confidential conversation, in which there was much more frankness and sincere avowal of principles and practices, than are often found between such slight acquaintances. At length the New Orleans professor, whose name was Crabshawly, expressed himself thus:

"I told you plump, yesterday, Mr. Whitlaw," (for among other unreserved avowals, they had mutually communicated their names,) "that I was willing to enter partnership with you, and I don't see no reason to draw back now. Only, as you swept stakes so clear yesterday, you may guess, maybe, that you don't want no help from nobody. But bide a spell at New Orlines, and you'll see that won't go safe and smooth for a long run."

"I have no doubt that you speak correct, Mr. Crabshawly," replied Whitlaw; "I've done business enough myself, in a small way, up the country, to be up to that. But I should have thought that you had got hands enough in New Orleans, without looking out so sharp for new-comers."

"Natural enough you should think that, Mr. Whitlaw; and in honest truth, and without flattery, I must tell you that it don't chance over often that a new-comer would suit as a partner. But I'll be frank at once, and tell you what it is. You see it most part happens that gentlemen of the profession are known, more or less, to the sporting gentry in and about town; and then they grows shy, and though they'd most times sooner lose than not play, they won't go it boldly, and one must be at it sometimes a mortal long spell at a time, before one makes a day's work; so that a fresh man that knows his tools and understands how to look new, is worth money. You don't play that bad neither, I can tell you, for one that's not bred at New Orlines."

"I never play for what I can't make, you see, Mr. Crabshawly; and that's a mastership over one's self that I expect many havn't got; and so I count my game surer than most men's, especially for the bets as runs upon the strokes; but I've no manner of objection to go shares with an understanding man, like yourself, who may beat me a game or two before them, as may like to try their chance after. I expect there must be company by this: shall we go?"

"No, no, Mr. Whitlaw; the New Orlines men of fashion bean't never early of a morning. There's no money worth winning there as yet, I'll answer for it; and besides, we must make our understanding more perfect, I expect, before we commence regular together. Do you undertake to give me half of all you win, if I give my time, experience, and talents, to poke the gudgeons into your net? I expect that's the question put fair, Mr. Whitlaw: and now, sir, for your answer."

Whitlaw paused for a minute or two, and then said, bluntly, "I'll tell you, fairly, Mr. Crabshawly, that I think I ought to try a spell, before I agree to do that. You saw what I did yesterday; and wouldn't it go a little against the grain, d'ye think, to have to pay over the half of that to another?"

"And how much of that, young man, did you bag, only for my speaking that word about the notes? If you've a mind to try, why try, that's all I say; but if it don't answer, you mustn't be after expecting I'll be ready to offer the same terms, after your newness has gone off."

Whitlaw felt aware that it would be far better to have Crabshawly for a friend, than an enemy; but ere he finally accepted his proposal, he deemed it judicious to appear a little longer in doubt. While stretching out his legs and rubbing his chin, in order to make this doubt appear, the idea struck him, that as law and justice could not help him to recover what he had lost, it was possible that knavery might; so turning to his companion with the air of a man who had at length decided a different question, he said,—

"Well, then, hear me, Mr. Crabshawly, and patiently: and I expect we shall come to an understanding. I am willing to agree to your terms: you shall have half of what I make up stairs, provided you are always there when I want you, and always ready to play into my hands, as your head and mine, together, can best contrive; and provided, too, that you find out, and will show up for me, all the best chaps in the place, for me to hook on to, and bring 'em here."

"Agreed!" replied Crabshawly, "'tis a match; and I can do that last job for you, first-rate; for there ain't a man that's got a hundred dollars to lose, but what I knows him. And now, let's just scratch a bit of an agreement between us, to make all clean on both sides."

"Devil a bit of that, my friend, I promise you!" returned Whitlaw, sharply. "There's a saying, you know—'Honor among ——;' and we must, one and both, trust to that, or nothing; but as for signing and sealing, that's what I don't deal in."

It is probable that the wisdom manifested by the young man, in this very decided answer, raised his character as "an understanding chap" so high in the estimation of his new associate, as to atone for the bluntness of the refusal; for he exhibited no resentment whatever, and only replied, with a wink and a nod.—

"Very well, Whitlaw: I expect we be pretty nearly up to one another."

"I expect we be, Crabshawly," was the rejoinder; and the affair was settled.

Crabshawly now rose, saying, "Well, now, we may mount, if you please; but we're neither friends nor acquaintance up-stairs, remember."

"Thank you for nothing, my friend," replied Whitlaw; "that's taking me for green, with a vengeance! But stop one moment, will you, while I jest ask you a word about two strutting fellows that I dined with at Mrs. Bennet's boarding-house yesterday. I expect they might turn out good for something, if I could scrape acquaintance with them. One's called General Hollingsworth, and the other Major Tomlinson."

"I know 'em, I know 'em, considerable well," replied Crabshawly. "Money they've got to lose, that's a fact, and play of all kinds comes as natural to 'em both as to a kitten; but I dubiate if they ain't over much in our own line to be worth much. I don't mean they're that professional neither; but they're up to a thing or two, I promise ye."

"I expect so," said poor Whitlaw, with a sigh, which, if he had not choked it in time, might have been mistaken for a groan. The information he had received, however, pleased him well; and eager as his new comrade was becoming for an immediate trial of their joint skill, Whitlaw told him he could not set-to for an hour or so, as he had just recollected business that must be attended to first.

CHAPTER XXX.

The decided and violent accusation which Whitlaw had only a few hours before brought against General Hollingsworth and Major Tomlinson before the magistrate, and still more, perhaps, the attack he had made upon upon them through the ears of their gentle landlady, the preceding evening, would, to any one but himself, have appeared to present an insupportable obstacle to his cultivating any further acquaintance with these two gentlemen. But he trusted to his genius to overcome this, as well as all minor difficulties that might intervene to prevent the execution of a plan, which he confidently hoped would both redeem and revenge his loss.

Whitlaw entertained not the slightest doubt that these two red-whiskered gentlemen were the thieves who had robbed him; and he certainly had very good reasons for coming to this conclusion.

He well remembered having pressed his precious pocket-book against his heart, when preparing to enjoy himself in his favorite after-dinner attitude, after all the party, except these two individuals, had retired; he remembered feeling it, and even giving it a little push downward into the securest corner of the recess that held it, and it was, according to his judgment, impossible to doubt that his companions, and no other, were the abductors of his treasure.

Full of this persuasion, his first care on re-entering Mrs. Bennet's mansion, was to request permission to speak to her.

She obeyed his summons with but short delay; but though the expression of her "fair, round face," varied but slightly from that eternal sweetness with which "her gentlemen" were always received, still the acute eye of Whitlaw descried something in her soft, grey eye, that, like the grain in the blue expanse of heaven, so threatening to the mariner, seemed to foretell a coming storm. Had he been less sure that he possessed the power to quell it, this might have alarmed him more. As it was, he approached her with his best smile, and said—

"I hope you will forgive me, good lady, for the foolish blunder I made last night;—I really feel ashamed to think of it; but you always look so kind, and so meek tempered, Mrs. Bennet, that I trust you will not only forgive me yourself, but make my apology to the two gentlemen concerned, for what I was mad enough to say about them.

All trace of anger disappeared from the smooth face of Mrs. Bennet, as these words greeted her ear, and with one of her prettiest smiles, she said—

"Indeed, sir, I am glad to hear you speak so; I was quite sure it must be some mistake. I hope you have found your money, sir."

"No, Mrs. Bennett, I have not found my money; but I have found what was next best—I have found out where I lost it. I am afraid, madam, you won't think the better of me when I tell you that I was silly enough to go to a billiard table for half an hour before dinner, yesterday—and I won, I am almost afraid to say it, a matter of twenty dollars.—Well, Mrs. Bennet, I took out my pocket-book, ma'am, that my father gave me, with the money that I was to pay away for him—that is to say, part of it; for by good luck, the largest sum I've got to pay was in my trunk; but I was fool enough, ma'am, to take out my pocket-book to put my winnings in, and down I laid it, for a minute or two—'twas but a minute or two, Mrs. Bennet—upon the corner of the table, while I was counting out some silver change, to make it square with the gentleman that paid me. When this was done, I took the pocket-book up again, but for certain never thought of looking into it. Well, this morning, after I had made such a fool of myself as to go to the magistrate, down yonder, about my foolish suspicions of these gentlemen, I went again to the billiard-table, hoping to win a little more towards making up my heavy loss; but while I was waiting for the table, an old gentleman said to me—'Warn't you the gentleman,' says he, 'as put your pocket-book down for a minute, yesterday?'—and I thought for a minute, and answered, 'Yes, that's a fact.' Upon which, he said, 'And have you looked at it since, sir?' and I said, 'Yes, indeed, and all my money is gone.' 'I thought so,' said the old gentleman, walking away, 'and let me advise you, young man, never again to put your pocket-book out of your hand at a billiard table.' So you see, Mrs. Bennet, the thing is as clear as light, and all I can do now, is to beg your pardon for my foolish suspicions. Will you tell all this to the gentlemen? and do you think they will forgive me?"

All this was said with an air of so much youthful simplicity, that the good lady not only promised to set every thing right with her lodgers, but declared herself deeply concerned for the loss her new acquaintance had sustained; and assured him that the General and the Major, so far from resenting what had happened, would be the most likely men in the world to endeavor to help him, if any thing could be done, for the recovery of his money, or the punishment of the thief.

"And when do you think I could see them, madam, to receive their forgiveness?" said Whitlaw.

"They mostly comes in to take a glass of wine and an oyster, sir, for their nooning; and it must be near upon the usual time."

"Where do they take it, Mrs. Bennet?—in the dining-parlor?"

"Yes, sir, always. The cloth is laid, and everything ready by now. Will you be pleased to walk in there, sir, and see?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, Mrs. Bennet, I would much rather see them by themselves first: I should not have the face to mention my folly before all the other boarders."

"Dear, sir, pray dont vex yourself any more about it. But there's the General's voice this minute—I'll run and tell him; and if you'll be pleased to bide here a spell, I'll answer for bringing him to you,—and the Major, too, 'tis likely; for they mostly goes and comes together."

Mrs. Bennet bustled out of the room, and in about ten minutes returned again, accompanied, as she predicted, by both the whiskered gentlemen; and having shown them in, she discreetly retired again, and shut the door.

Few men, as young as Whitlaw, would have been able to go so steadily through the scene that followed, as he did; but nature had gifted him with so decided a talent for dissimulation, that, instead of pain or difficulty, it was really pleasure and sport to him.

The General and the Major listened to his apology, as well as to the simple and juvenile history which followed it, very attentively and very civilly. They both begged to assure him that they retained not the slightest feeling of resentment, that nothing would be so natural as the blunder he had made, and that they sincerely hoped he would be able, eventually, to discover the real perpetrator of this abominable action.

After all these fluent civilities had been spoken and listened to, the Major, who had a pair of very keen, gray eyes in his head, began, with great politeness, what Whitlaw knew well enough was a sort of cross-examination of the history he had just delivered.

"I should hope, indeed," he said, "that this discovery will not be very difficult, for if this old gentleman you mention saw some one take up your pocket-book, I suppose he would have no difficulty in identifying him."

"No, no, my dear sir," said Whitlaw, shaking his head with the most innocent look in the world; "the old gentleman did not say that—I wished he had! No; I asked him if he saw any body touch it, and he told me he did not; but that there were fingers in that room, that could whip notes out of a pocket-book in no time—and sure enough he was right."

"What notes had you, sir, in your pocket-book when you laid it down?" continued the curious Major Tomlinson.

"Exactly two thousand dollars, Major."

"I think you said you won twenty dollars: was that paid you in notes?"

"Ay, there was the mischief!—When I left home, gentlemen, I had two thousand and twenty dollars in my pocket, without counting other money; one hundred and twenty in silver, and the rest in notes. Well, you see, I won twenty dollars from a man I played with—an uncommon stupid player he was, to be sure,"—(here the General winked his eye at the Major, which Whitlaw perceived more plainly than the person for whom it was intended,) "*uncommon* stupid; and I beat him, you see; and he gave me a great bill of a hundred dollars—and I was to give him change, of course—and I had, you see, to take out this great bag," (drawing the canvass bag from his pocket) "and to count out eighty silver dollars upon the table. It must have been while I was doing this, and it wasn't long neither, that my notes were taken."

This explanation appeared to be satisfactory in every way to his attentive auditors: and after it was concluded, they expressed so much kindness and concern, that when the trio entered the dining-room together, to partake of the nooning so liberally spread there, the amiable Mrs. Bennet had the satisfaction of remarking, that there was every appearance of friendship and good fellowship between them.

It seemed, indeed, that the circumstance, which had been at first likely to produce such hostile consequences, was now producing a very contrary effect; for after some social interchange of their respective wines, and sundry other civilities, they all agreed to go out together, in order, as the two red-whiskered gentlemen observed, to show the young stranger all that was best worth seeing in New Orleans.

They first directed their steps towards the part of the town where the shops most attractive to ladies were situated; and thereby were enabled to point out to their new friend some of the most beautiful women in the world. But while indulging themselves and him in this agreeable lounge, they led the conversation to the subject of play.

"For my part," said Major Tomlinson, "I won't deny that I love play, but I have infernal luck, that's a fact; and I've lost a d——d sight of money since I've been here."

"You don't say so," said Whitlaw, with a look of great pity and kindness.

"True, upon my soul! but I expect I must have grey hairs on my head before I'm cured; and the cotton bales must pay for it; that's all."

"I'm afraid, for my part, that I've a few grey hairs already," observed the General, laughing; "but I can't say I should altogether like to leave off play as yet,—'tis a devilish fine, manly amusement, and that's a fact—but, of course, its only fit for gentlemen, who have got wherewithal to pay. I'm afraid, Mr. Whitlaw, this is a pleasure that you must forego, after your d——d unlucky loss. You must be pretty well cleared out, I take it?"

"Not so bad as that, neither," said Whitlaw, laughing; "I've enough of father's notes in my trunk still; though I won't say but what they are meant for other matters. However, as I see that my play is a deal better than some, I think that my loss is a reason the more for my playing; for I expect I might, likely enough win, again."

"To be sure you might," said the Major; "why not? As far as I see, the play is nothing at all particular for skill; I've seen play quite as good, I expect at Charleston. What say you, General? 'Tis unaccountable hot this morning—shall we go and try our luck for an hour?

"With all my heart, Major, if Mr. Whitlaw has no objection."

"Why, I don't see why I should," said Whitlaw, "seeing that the only time I did play, I won; and if I don't indulge myself with a game, it's a great privilege to go to the table with gentlemen of respectability. However," he added, laughing, "I expect I should like to play that same chap, too, if I happened to meet him; for I feel pretty sure I should beat him again. However, If I don't meet with him, I'd greatly rather play with either of you, than with a stranger; through it's likely enough you'd be too hard for me,"

"I don't know that, Mr. Whitlaw," said the Major; "I can't say that I've much cause to boast this year. However, at any rate, we'll have a try; not that I'll put you out of the way of a good thing, if you meet him you played yesterday."

"But what table are we to go to?" inquired the General.

"Let's go to that one by the French theatre," replied Whitlaw, "if its all one to you, because it's there only I can hope to meet my man, you know; and I expect I'll make something if I do meet him."

"Certainly, by all means," said the General; "I'm sure it's all one to Tomlinson and me, so we do but get a game or two."

To the table near the theatre, then, they went; and on entering the billiard-room, the first face that met the eye of Whitlaw, was that of Crabshawly. One glance, a very slight one, was exchanged between them; and then each remaining in different parts of the room, trusted to each other's wit, for finding the means whereby they might mutually serve the common cause.

A game was going on, which Whitlaw perceived to be a very unequal one. "That's a good hard fight, General, I expect, isn't it."

"Why that's as may be to the parties; I haven't observed them much, as yet," was the reply, made with about as much honesty as the remark that produced it. "But I wish they'd have done with it," continued Hollingsworth, "that we might have a try together."

After some farther waiting, the General and Whitlaw got possession of the table. Major Tomlinson found means to exchange a word or two with his friend; and at the same moment Crabshawly skirted round, and continued, with at least equal dexterity, to give and receive tokens of intelligence on the other side. Could Asmodeus have contemplated that chamber, and read the thoughts that were at work there, his demonship might have found wherewithal to make exceedingly merry. On this occasion, it appeared to be Crabshawly's cue to seem sharp-witted, and on the alert to take advantage of the rustic Whitlaw's simplicity.

"You are going to play again, are you?" said he, when Whitlaw took his place at the table.

"Yes, I am, sir, and you shall see that I won't lose the credit I've gained. I was half in a fright when I played first; but now, I find what I can do; and you shall see that I'll play a deal better than I did then."

"Very likely, sir, replied the other, with exactly the species of *fine* sneer calculated to catch the attention of those upon whom it was intended to work. "Very likely; but I hate to stand idle; and as I was in luck yesterday, I can afford to risk a little to day; so I'll bet a hundred dollars on the gentleman you're going to play with, if you'll take it."

"Well, now," said Whitlaw, "I don't know what I ought to say to that. I haven't seen the General play yet; and how do I know but he may do me?"

"Very true, very true," cried Tomlinson, in a considerate and friendly tone. "Take my advise, Mr. Whitlaw, and don't bet high, till you've tried your strength. The General is a pretty considerable of a player, and you are but a young hand, any how."

"Now that's what I call friendly," cried Whitlaw: "and so, sir," he added, turning to Crabshawly, "I'll bet you ten dollars on this first game, and not a cent more."

The game began; and to Crabshawly, who thoroughly understood what was going on, it was not only very interesting, as it concerned his own profit, but exceedingly amusing. The skill displayed was not shown so much in the winning, or even losing the game, as in the clever efforts on each side to discover the real strength of the adversary. And herein my hero had a very decided advantage; for he came to the combat with a tolerably correct notion, as to who and what his opponents were; whilst all they knew of him was calculated to lead them astray as widely as possible.

Whitlaw, of course, won the game, and affected the most extravagant triumph upon it; declaring himself ready and willing to hazard the last dollar in his possession upon another. He was quite aware that General Hollingsworth had *permitted* him to win; but, nevertheless, he suspected that his best play was not more sure than that of his late Kentuckian adversary: he saw that, in steadines of hand, the advantage was greatly on his own side, and therefore determined, if possible, to make the next game settle the heavy amount between him and his new friends.

The room was very full, and Crabshawly clearly proved his just right to the terms he demanded, on entering upon the partnership, by the manner in which he contrived to draw the attention of those "who had money to lose," upon the wrong-headed young novice, who was boasting both of his skill and his cash, with what appeared to be the most reckless boldness and presumption. The consequence was, that Whitlaw, who watched and caught the eye of every one disposed to take a share in fleecing him, with as much skilful quickness as the most practised auctioneer, began the game with bets that amounted to near three thousand dollars. If he won this, his loss, after dividing with his associate, would be nearly covered; but as the two gentlemen, whom he still felt firmly convinced were sporting upon his own money, had not staked more than five hundred each, he would by no means have been fully satisfied by such a result; and accordingly he risked, with a degree of temerity that Crabshawly witnessed with trembling, the loss of the whole sum, in the hope of indulging his revenge, as much as his avarice, in leading them on to risk more largely.

The first stroke was played by General Hollingsworth, and was made with perfect success. Whitlaw looked at him, and uttered an oath that seemed to express alarm. He looked, too, just as he was about to play, both at him and at the Major, and read in the eyes of each, a sort of scrutinising earnestness, which led him to think they half suspected his rustic freshness. Far from being alarmed, however, he only felt the more strongly roused to exertion. He had, on all such points, unbounded confidence in himself: there was within him a fund of conscious cunning, that it was his greatest pleasure to draw upon; and the glance of suspicion which he thought he read in the eyes of his adversaries, but served "to prick the sides of his intent," and send him onward in his trickery with renewed energy.

It would be but tedious to the reader, were all the sinister circumstances recounted, by which the wily Whitlaw led on his opponents to the point he wished; but it was done with such consummate skill, that even Crabshawly became alarmed, more than once feeling staggered and doubtful; nor was it till the hero of my tale stood triumphantly the winner of the enormous stake he had so cleverly contrived to play for, that this respectable person felt at all sure that he should pocket the half of it.

The room was in an uproar. It was long since so many knowing ones had been taken in;—but even to the last, amidst the intoxicating joy of success, and the taunting expressions of suspicion as to his character, which were whispered loud enough to meet his ear, Whitlaw sustained his assumed simplicity, to admiration; and it is probable that among the twenty-five persons present, more than two thirds of whom were losers, there was not a single one, except Crabshawly, who felt quite sure at the last, whether the game had been won by luck or skill.

"We will settle when we get home," said Major Tomlinson, addressing Whitlaw, with every appearance of easy, good humor; though, if in truth he shared in the plunder of the pocket-book, his present loss more than doubled that gain.

"That will be the best way, General, with you, too," observed Whitlaw, as he nodded assent.

The other winnings were gathered in on the spot, with the usual celerity attending such transactions, wherein the readiness to make payment seems in every person concerned, to be in pretty exact proportion to the tardiness which the same process is performed to their trades people. So great is the difference between honorable debts and debts of honor!

Before leaving the room, Whitlaw received notes to the amount of four thousand dollars; and, ere he quitted the building, Mr. Crabshawly contrived very skilfully to make an opportunity of demanding the half of it.

"You shall have more, my fine fellow," said Whitlaw, gaily. "I will pay you down, at once, the half of what the noble General and Major have to pay me. *Their* money I have an especial and fanciful value for; and I will share it with no one."

This could not be reasonably objected to, and accordingly Mr. Crabshawly had the satisfaction of receiving, ere he parted with his valuable friend, very nearly the whole four thousand dollars he had pocketed.

As Whitlaw again put up his empty pocket-book, something like a qualm came over him, lest Mrs. Bennet's fashionable lodgers should escape him. It was true that he had been assured of their wealth and standing by many; yet the fact of their having jointly abstracted the notes that pocket-book had yesterday contained, which he was much too sagacious to doubt, now seemed, as he again meditated upon it, to offer an incongruity almost too violent to credit, when taken in conjunction with their high consideration in N. Orleans. But he soon learned that these apparent contradictions might exist perfectly well together; and with a feeling of exceeding joy, he once more perceived the two red-whiskered gentlemen take their honored seats, one on each side of the amiable and ever-gentle Mrs, Bennet.

As soon as the dinner was ended, the company retired as before; and then, if any doubts still remained upon Whitlaw's mind, concerning the possible identity of persons who could steal a purse one day, and pay a gambling debt the next, it was removed by the very satisfactory settlement of the morning's transaction.

While carefully and deliberately counting the notes he had received, and placing them one by one with rather ostentatious satisfaction in his pocket-book, he said, with a very expressive smile,

"Well, now, gentlemen, I'm not that sure, after all, that I'm any such unaccountable fine player; but somehow I never lose money but I'm cock-a-hoop till I get it back again, and nothing stops me. If I hadn't lost them two thousand dollars out of my pocket-book, you may be certain sure I shouldn't be putting these four thousand into it. But that's always my way."

The General looked at the Major, and the Major looked at the General, but neither of them spoke; and the trio immediately after